

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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1. BODIES OF WOMAN AND MAN IN WRECKAGE WHERE MANY WERE KILLED. 2. BURNING OVER FIFTY OF THE DEAD IN A HEAP IN THE DEBRIS.

FEARFUL LOSS OF LIFE IN THE HURRICANE.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY M. L. FOSTER, OF HOUSTON, TEXAS.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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Why America Should Be Great.

(Written for Leslie's Weekly by Dr. Edward D. Jones, Professor of Economics, University of Wisconsin.)

As the close of the century approaches, the nations of the world are beginning to take stock of their resources, both material and moral, and to watch eagerly for those events which indicate the strength of one or another of them. The varying success of the English arms in Africa owes a large part of its significance to the painful closeness with which European Powers watch each event to find a test of the strength of an opponent. A chief result of the Spanish-American war was the revealing of the present power of the American nation to the world. The success achieved in this war has turned the eyes of the world toward the United States. In industrial matters a prime achievement is the development of our iron industries to the point where they can surpass in competitive strength those of other countries. Under these circumstances, the showing made at the Paris Exposition was awaited with great interest.

In the beginning of a series of studies upon the resources and industries of the United States, it may be permitted to state a few well known facts concerning the size and physical advantages of our beloved country. Americans have passed beyond the stage of boasting of mere size. But to magnify the advantages and opportunities which lie within our reach need not be looked upon as a work of arrogance, but rather as an attempt to realize the responsibility which a bountiful Providence has placed upon us to so guide our industrial evolution that, in so far as this economic factor controls it, our society shall be one of contented and virtuous citizens.

The present area of the United States, including Alaska and our three new island colonies, is 3,846,140 square miles. So large a portion of the world's surface cannot be accurately conceived without the use of comparisons. The extent of our country is nineteen times that of European France, or thirty-two times that of Great Britain. It is five-sixths as large as the European continent, and if Alaska and Washington be subtracted from the American figures it will match Australia. Were there fifteen other nations as large, the entire land surface of the world would be occupied.

If the country of Scotland were shaped to match the State of Maine, the areas of the two regions would be found to be practically the same. Ireland is equal in size to the remaining States of New England; England equals New York, and Wales, New Jersey. The British Islands may therefore be superimposed upon a small but important section of States lying in the northeastern portion of the United States. The country of Switzerland is equaled in area by the States of Maryland and Delaware. The Austro-Hungarian empire may be spread over the Atlantic States south of the Potomac River. If France were placed about the lower course of the Mississippi River in a region where there is at the present time a considerable body of descendants of early French settlers, it would cover the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Alabama. The German empire (European) may be grouped around Lake Michigan, covering Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Norway equals New Mexico; Italy, Arizona; Spain, the States of Nevada and Utah; while Sweden is equal to Wyoming and South Dakota.

To adopt a slightly different method of comparison, if the country of France be superimposed upon the United States in such a manner that the most northerly point lies at Lima, in the west-central part of Ohio, the most southerly point will be at Georgetown, in southern Georgia. The Maritime Alps would then lie in southern South Carolina, while Finistère would cover the neighborhood about St. Louis. A trip from Bordeaux to Nantes would equal a journey from northwestern Alabama to Cairo, Ill. To travel from Marseilles to Paris would equal a journey from the central part of Georgia to Frankfort, Ky.

If the United States were superimposed upon the European continent in such a manner that Cape Cod would lie upon the Siberian frontier of Russia, the State of Oregon would be superimposed upon Ireland. Denmark would be

(Continued on page 200.)

Can China Be Partitioned?

BEFORE the Powers attempt to partition the ancient empire it would be well for them to take notice of those qualities that have made China remarkable among nations. Here is a race occupying the identical land upon which their ancestors settled upwards of five thousand years ago; a people speaking a language that became crystallized over forty centuries ago, and enjoying a literature that their forefathers a hundred generations before them prized as ancient and classic.

The success of Japan in her recent war with China, and the apparent apathy and indifference of the people to the claims of "spheres of influence" made by the various Powers, have led many to believe that the division of China would be an easy matter; but if they were acquainted with Chinese history they would know otherwise. The mere lapse of time is nothing to the Chinese. They believe that every change which they seek will come in the "fullness of time," and they willingly endure present ills until satisfied that the time for action has come. It has often taken fifty, sixty, a hundred years for a rebellion to gather sufficient strength to overthrow a worn-out dynasty, but, once started, such movements have been persistent and have never lacked for resolute and single-hearted leaders who have shown the most chivalrous devotion to their chosen cause.

The present uprising has really been in preparation for sixty years, and is as yet insignificant compared to many which in China's history have swept over the empire, wiped out whole provinces, and destroyed millions. It must not be thought, because Peking has fallen and the imperial palaces are occupied by the allies, that China has been conquered. The Chinese have never really been conquered. The Mongols, under the great Kublai Khan, seized the reins of government, but a short century sufficed for the Chinese to absorb them and make their country tributary to the dragon throne. Still later, the Manchus invaded China and usurped the sovereignty, but they, too, have been engulfed in the rising tide of black-haired men, and their country made into a province of the empire.

China has waged no wars of conquest; she has instead grown by being "conquered." Her population and her commerce have spread into the territory of her despoilers until it has all become Chinese. The present population of Manchuria is over ninety per cent Chinese. Before the Mongol and Manchu the Kin and the Turcoman had suffered a like fate. Chinese growth and expansion have been limited only by the physical obstacles and difficulties in the way of travel and transportation.

China's weakness to-day lies in her lack of the means of transportation and communication, for, gigantic as her resources are, she is unable to marshal them. Troops sailing from San Francisco have reached Tien-Tsin before the Manchu clans, only 500 miles from Peking, could be rallied for the defense of the dynasty. It is this inability to bring forward forces which she might otherwise command that makes China helpless before a foreign foe. Her war with Japan was, in fact, between the Japanese empire and the single province of Chih-li. The present contest with the allies has involved only the same province.

While this condition prevails the several "spheres of influence" would doubtless fall an easy prey to the Powers claiming them. But they have overlooked the wonderful virility and homogeneity of the Chinese people and the persistency of their instinct for self-government. They cannot hope to make the Chinese alter their standards and mode of living, but when they have supplied the empire with the modern facilities of transportation, then will history repeat itself and the Chinese come again into their own.

Our Wonderful Development.

We print in this issue the first of a series of remarkable articles from the pen of Edward D. Jones, professor of economics and commercial geography in the newly-established school of commerce, of the University of Wisconsin. Professor Jones has been in charge of one of our leading governmental exhibits at the Paris exhibition, and has been honored also in the French capital by an appointment on the international jury of award. He is one of the best informed of American writers, and has made the growth and development of our industries the subject of special study. Our readers, and especially all students of American progress, will be charmed and instructed by his special contributions to these columns. The original maps which accompany Professor Jones's articles are unique and striking, and convey at a glance, in the simplest and most direct manner, a vast fund of information. The readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY will find it to their interest to preserve every one of Professor Jones's contributions for future reference.

Why Apathy Is Disquieting.

THERE is much complaint of apathy among the voters at the present time. The complaint comes principally from the Republicans. The Republicans, as the party in power, would be hurt most by a condition of apathy. In no case can the tremendous majorities of 1896 in the important States be approached in 1900. No Republican, for example, looks for a lead of 268,000 in New York this year, or one of a fifth of that length. No Republican anywhere imagines that Illinois will roll up a plurality of 142,000 for McKinley, or a half of that figure. Yet these were the margins gained in those States, respectively, in 1896.

In fact, the Democrats are "claiming" both New York and Illinois this year. The present indications are that New York will be carried by the Republicans, though by a moderate-sized majority. New York, however, is an exceedingly uncertain State. In 1897, a year after New York gave its 268,000 lead to McKinley, it gave 61,000 plurality to Parker, Democrat, for judge of the Court of Appeals. The next year, 1898, it gave Roosevelt 18,000 of a lead for Governor, which was a very narrow margin in that year, when Roosevelt's was one of the most conspicuous military figures in the country. Stevenson, a citizen of Illinois, who holds the second place on the Bryan ticket, is said to be confident that his State will go Democratic this year.

On the basis of the vote of 1896 the swinging of forty-eight

electoral votes from the Republican to the Democratic side would overcome that ninety-five Republican majority in the electoral college in that year. New York and Illinois, of course, if changed this year to the Democratic side, would give Bryan much more than the number of new votes which he would need to elect him. New York and Indiana would, if carried by Bryan, elect him, and Indiana is just as uncertain a State as New York. A canvass recently made by the Republicans in Indiana, it is said, showed a Democratic plurality of 18,000. These pre-election counts, in general, are worth little, but the Republicans have all along been doubtful about Indiana's attitude this year. As Kentucky, with its thirteen electoral votes (all except one of which were given to McKinley in 1896), and Maryland with its eight votes are likely to go to Bryan, as indicated by the recent drift in those two States, which would account for twenty-one out of the forty-eight votes which Bryan would need, the harm which apathy would bring the Republicans can easily be guessed.

Just about this time in 1892 the same complaint about apathy which is made by the Republican leaders was heard from the same quarter. The Homestead strike demoralized and weakened the Republicans all over the country. Their spellbinders were unable to arouse any enthusiasm in their audiences. There are some labor troubles at this time, but they are not so serious as they were eight years ago. But the complaint among Republicans of lack of interest in the canvass by the voters is disquieting. This was the report which the Democratic campaign managers made in 1840 and 1860, and which was heard by Republicans in all the important States in 1892. Apathy in a campaign is a portentous condition when it strikes the party which has control of the government. The Republican leaders should put some enthusiasm into the rank and file of their party.

The Plain Truth.

It is a fact that does not speak well for Italy that the chief anarchist assassins of recent years have claimed that country as their birthplace. President Carnot, of France, Premier Canovas, of Spain, the Empress of Austria, and King Humbert have all fallen victims to anarchists of Italian birth and breeding. Santa Caserio, who stabbed Carnot at Lyons in 1894, was a native of Lombardy; Angino Gollo, who shot Canovas in 1897, was born at Boggia, near Naples; Luchessi, who killed the Empress of Austria at Geneva in 1898, although born in Paris, was of Italian parentage; Angelo Bresci, who shot Humbert, is reputed to be a native of Prato in Tuscany. In this connection it may also be stated that the latest published statistics show that in Italy, with a population estimated at 30,000,000, over 4,000 people were murdered in 1897, while more than 80,000 were violently assaulted and wounded. In Sicily alone 968 persons were murdered in one year, or an average of between two and three each day. These facts and figures are full of unpleasant suggestion. Nor does the supplementary record of punishments meted out by the Italian courts relieve the situation very greatly. Of the 4,000 murderers made known to the authorities only 124 received the full penalty prescribed by Italian law—imprisonment for life. It would appear that human life is nowhere held more cheaply than in the Italian peninsula.

A federation of churches in Pittsburg and vicinity has taken up the subject of funeral reform, and makes a number of valuable recommendations to that end. Among other things, the federation advises that display of all kinds should be avoided, and that floral offerings, if used at all, should be simple and inexpensive. Personal references to the deceased at the funeral should be omitted. Services at the grave are declared to be unnecessary, and in no case should the persons who attend them be expected to stand with uncovered heads. The admission of curious people to view the dead before the funeral is specially deprecated. Finally, a discontinuance of the custom of wearing mourning is strongly recommended as being "scarcely in harmony with the hope of the gospel." These suggested reforms are clearly in the interest of good sense and refined feeling. Some of our funeral customs are relics of a superstitious and barbarous age, and are without excuse in an enlightened community. Chief among these is the senseless and extravagant outlay for flowers, coaches, funeral trappings, and other things often indulged in over people whose whole lives have been a struggle with poverty and pain. Lavish expenditure over the sepulture of any person, rich or poor, high or low, has nothing to commend it in reason or religion. Respect for the dead does not demand these things, while a proper regard for the living calls for their abolition.

The felicitous style in which Senator Depew expresses himself, and the fact that he always has something of interest to say—something worth remembering, too—was again emphasized by his first public utterance on his recent return from a tour abroad. He said that one of the phenomena of the close of the nineteenth and the opening of the twentieth century is the position and rank our country has taken within the past two years. Senator Depew visits Europe annually, and comes in personal contact with many of its representative business and public men. He declares that before 1898 no ruler or minister in Europe was interested in American opinion or action, but that now every Cabinet reckons the attitude of the United States in formulating its plans. The taking of half of the British war loan in New York at nearly one per cent, less than London offered amazed Lombard Street and put thinking-caps on financiers everywhere. Senator Depew spoke of the fact that every European nation finds its production enormously in excess of its consumption of manufactured articles, and that the growing competition in trade in which the New World is engaging would be checked by the governments of the continent if they saw any way of doing it. Furthermore, the Powers are so nicely balanced that our position on Eastern questions is of vital importance, and the one query abroad is, "What will the United States do?" Every American citizen will share in the gratification which Senator Depew expresses over the decided advancement of our government in the eyes of the greatest foreign nations.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

=EVER since the fall of the second temple, in A. D. 70, and the subsequent spreading of the Jews throughout the world, it



DR. HERZL, THE LEADER OF THE ZIONIST MOVEMENT.

has been the hope and prayer of orthodox Jews everywhere that the day would come when the scattered nation would reassemble at Jerusalem, build a third temple, and hail the prompt advent of the Messiah and the beginning of a wonderful Messianic era. But it was reserved for Dr. Theodor Herzl, of Vienna, already famous as a jurist, play-writer, and publicist, to give the dream the definite promise of concrete form. Some years ago his "Jewish State" was published, and created a profound impression among educated Jews in every quarter of the world. The bulk of opinion was then against the advisability of founding "New Zion." Perhaps the bulk of opinion is still against it, but Dr. Herzl is an aggressive idealist with a firm faith in the ultimate triumph of his plan. If he is a visionary he is a practical one. At the recent congress of leading Jewish scholars he was able to announce that one of the greatest obstacles, the securing of a concession from the Sultan, could be overcome. Nothing apparently remains for Dr. Herzl and his enthusiastic co-workers but to convince the Jews and raise funds for the gigantic undertaking.

=Captain Henry Leonard, of the United States Marine Corps, who was so seriously wounded at Tien-Tsin that his arm



CAPTAIN LEONARD, WHO RISKED HIS LIFE AT TIEN-TSIN.

had to be amputated, lost that member as the result of a most gallant action. To save the life of his comrade, Lieutenant Smedley D. Butler, who was wounded and helpless, he carried the latter fully half a mile to a point of safety, being most of the time exposed to the fire of the enemy. Butler himself had left the trench at great risk to save a wounded man, and had been shot in the attempt. Captain Leonard is young, brilliant, an athlete, and a born soldier. He first saw the light in Washington in 1876, and was educated at the public schools there. When the Spanish-American war broke out he received a commission in the marine corps, and was assigned to the *St. Paul*, under Captain Sigsbee. Admiral Kempff's selection of the young man for service in China shows the high appreciation in which he is held in the navy. He had already seen service in Cavité, Philippine Islands; was regimental adjutant there, and provost judge of the district. Intermittent engagements with the Filipinos varied the monotony of his civil office.

=Mrs. Annetta E. McCrea is the recently-appointed landscape gardener for Lincoln Park, Chicago. She was associated



MRS. ANNETTA E. MCCREA, THE LANDSCAPE GARDENER.

with her late husband, who was a landscape gardener, assisting him in perfecting his designs. Upon his death it came very natural to her to take up his work, which she has done with signal success. Mrs. McCrea has laid out parks in Milwaukee, St. Paul, and Detroit, and many of the most beautiful private gardens of Chicago have been arranged by her; all show an originality in groupings and selections which raises her work out of the stereotyped lines in which landscape gardening has a tendency to fall. Mrs. McCrea has traveled extensively, and is possessed of great knowledge of trees and shrubs. In the creation of an ideal park—which she intends Lincoln Park shall be—she means to set a standard which eventually will be adopted by all the parks, and, if this is done, Chicago will be famous for its idyllic beauty. One of her important innovations will be the labeling of the trees and shrubbery. Her purpose in this is to make the park an institution of education as well as one of beauty. She has arranged her plans, she says, without any consideration of cost. "I will leave cost to the board." One of Mrs. McCrea's hobbies is to have landscape gardening taught in the public schools to those boys and girls who show any adaptability for the work. Girls, she thinks, are particularly qualified to plan

beautiful effects in shrubs and plant arrangement. Mrs. McCrea is petite and of charming personality.



SIR CHICHEN LO FENGLUH, THE CHINESE AMBASSADOR IN LONDON.

the world over are graduates of the Yamen of Li Hung Chang, and personal pupils of that distinguished old Chinese statesman.

=Mr. C. Fred Ackerman, of New York, now en route to China for *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, enjoys the distinction of having



C. FRED ACKERMAN, OF "LESLIE'S WEEKLY'S" STAFF IN CHINA.

also a vocation that is not held by any other man in the world. Mr. Ackerman's chief business in life is studying warfare for the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company, of New York, that certain incidents of the campaigns may be handed down to posterity in living representations. Mr. Ackerman saw service in the South American controversies, and later went to the Philippines under the authority of the United States War Department. He was the authorized correspondent for *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, and wrote entertainingly, for several months, of life on the firing-line in Luzon. Returning to this country in May, he had barely settled down for a few months of quiet life when he was ordered to the front in China. Mr. Ackerman will be the personal representative of Emperor William of Germany, and will also be in China under the authority of the English, French, and United States war departments. He will also be attached to the staff of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* in China, and will contribute letters illustrated by photographs. Mr. Ackerman has a happy manner of relating his stories, as our readers will bear witness. He is a young man—only twenty-six years old—stands over six feet high, and is an all-round athlete, having in his earlier years held the all-round championship of central New York. Mr. Ackerman was connected for six years with the *Syracuse Standard*, under its able chief, Charles R. Sherlock, and scored a distinct success as one of its editors. Mr. Ackerman will go to the front immediately upon his arrival in China, and will remain there until the campaign ends. The accompanying photograph of Mr. Ackerman was taken just before the departure of his transport for the Orient.

=The most noted prisoner at St. Helena since the time of Napoleon is the Boer general, Cronje, who, with his wife, occupies the comfortable and substantial Kent cottage. For weeks



CRONJE, THE BOER LEADER, AND HIS WIFE AT ST. HELENA.

=Whatever may be thought of the Chinese people as a whole, of their character and attainments, it cannot be denied that many of their official representatives in foreign lands—ambassadors and consuls—are men of high intelligence and marked integrity. Ambassador Wu, at Washington, and Consul-General Yo How, at San Francisco, in recent papers and press interviews have given evidence of their good sense, sound judgment, and intellectual ability in a notable way. To the same order of Chinese scholars and gentlemen belongs Sir Chichen Lo Fengluh, the Chinese ambassador at the court of St. James's. Sir Chichen has been stationed in London since 1894. He was once private secretary to the great Li Hung Chang himself, and is one of the few ambassadors in England who have been honored with the insignia of the Royal Victorian Order. He is highly educated, and speaks English as fluently as if it were his mother tongue.

It is a notable fact that the brightest and most successful of Chinese diplomatists

this sturdy and all but invincible old Boer warrior was the most talked-about man all through Europe and America. He taught England that she must forget all her old notions of military science and acquire the hitherto slighted fighting methods of the present day. Despite the great odds in favor of Lord Roberts, Cronje all but escaped. Now, at St. Helena, he is a silent man, living almost wholly in the past, save for his chivalrous devotion to his wife. When he talks with his English captors he utters commonplaces. In rare talks with Lieutenant-Colonel Schiel and other former Boer officers he is apt to go back over the campaign at Kimberley and Paardeburg, and discuss with them the manoeuvres by which he might have outwitted Lord Roberts and prolonged Transvaal resistance on a large scale. If English listeners come up he quickly changes the subject. With his wife he seldom talks about war or politics. Elderly Mrs. Cronje has nothing of the amazon about her. Her health is not good. Yet all through her famous husband's long and exhausting campaign she was with him, for she knew no one else could cook to please him, and she was resolved he should not suffer in his diet.

=Her Majesty Queen Victoria has many famous men serving under her flag in South Africa and elsewhere. Some are



THOMAS DALROY, THE BIGGEST MAN IN THE BRITISH ARMY, AND HIS LITTLE WIFE.

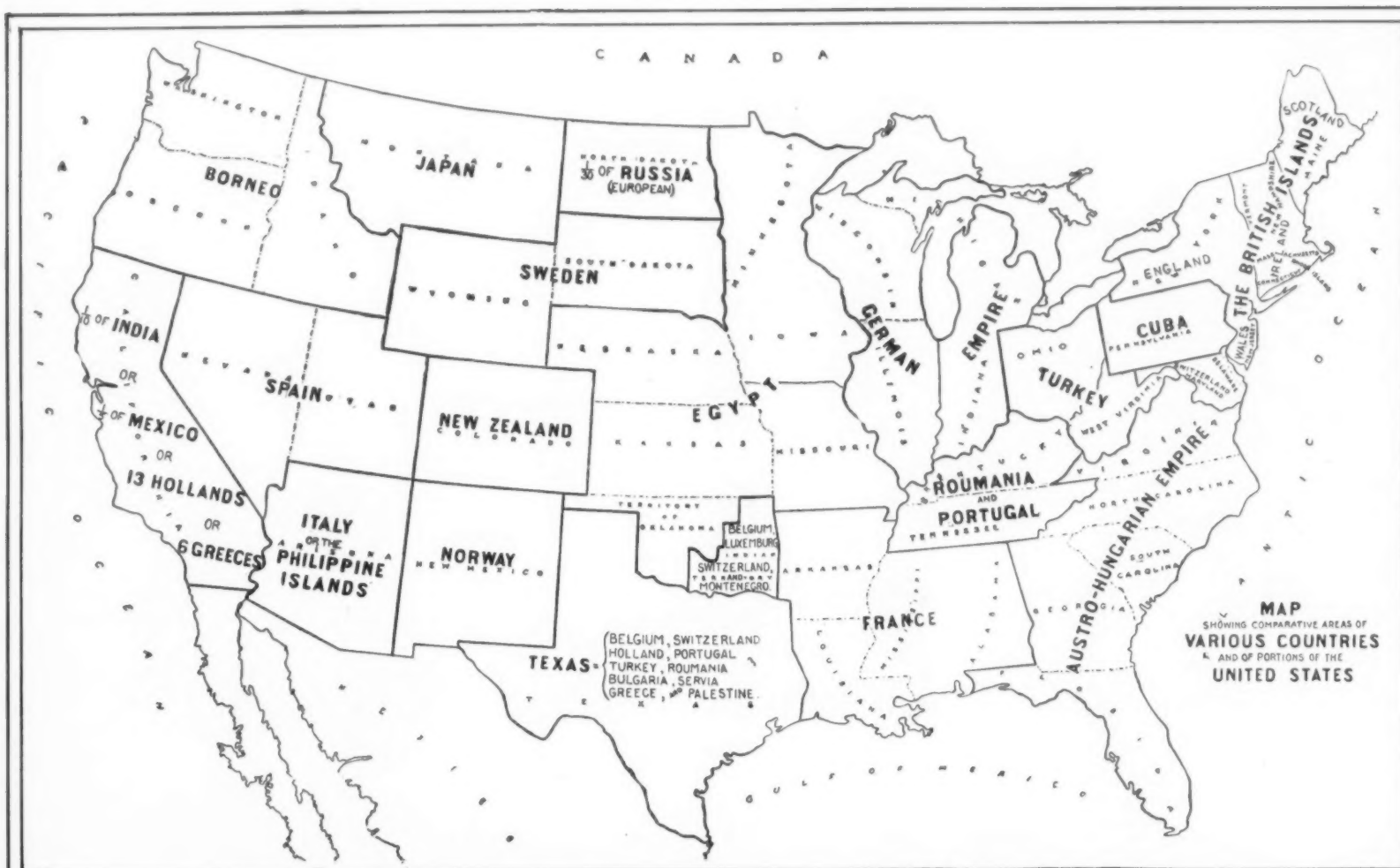
distinguished for their generalship, some for their record as marksmen, some for specially brave and gallant deeds. Sergeant Thomas Dalroy, of the Royal Dragoons, is a fine marksman and a brave soldier, as the two medals won in battle and worn on his broad breast sufficiently attest, and he also has the proud distinction of being the biggest man, physically speaking, in the Queen's service at the present time. He stands just seven feet six and one-half inches in his stocking feet, and is splendidly proportioned in every way. He is a native of County Kildare, Ireland, and comes of a race of giants, his father being over seven feet in height. Sergeant Dalroy has served in several Egyptian campaigns, and has proved himself to be as heroic in character as he is gigantic in stature. For gallant conduct in the Soudan two medals were conferred upon him. A few years ago he married an English girl in London, a woman of ordinary stature, although she appears as a diminutive figure by the side of her colossal husband.

=The recent death of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Queen Victoria's youngest son, is only one of a long line of be-

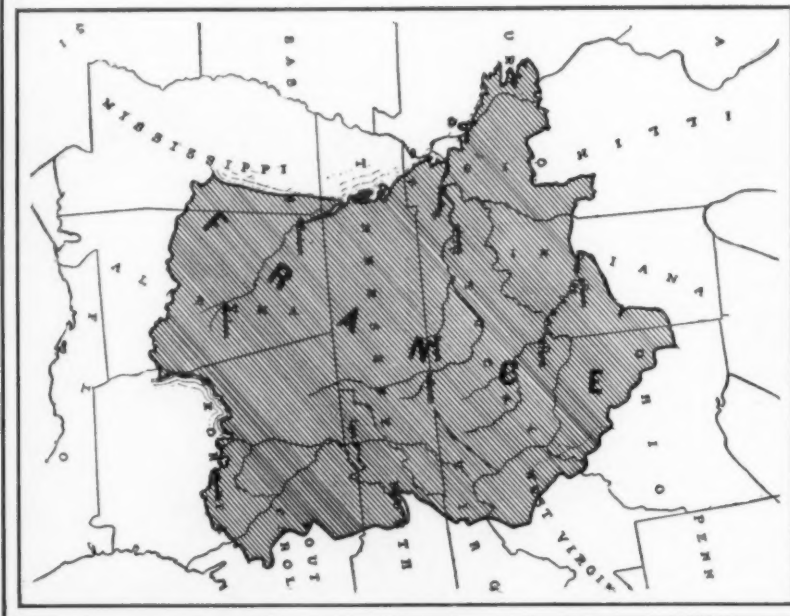


VICTORIA, THE QUEEN OF SORROWS

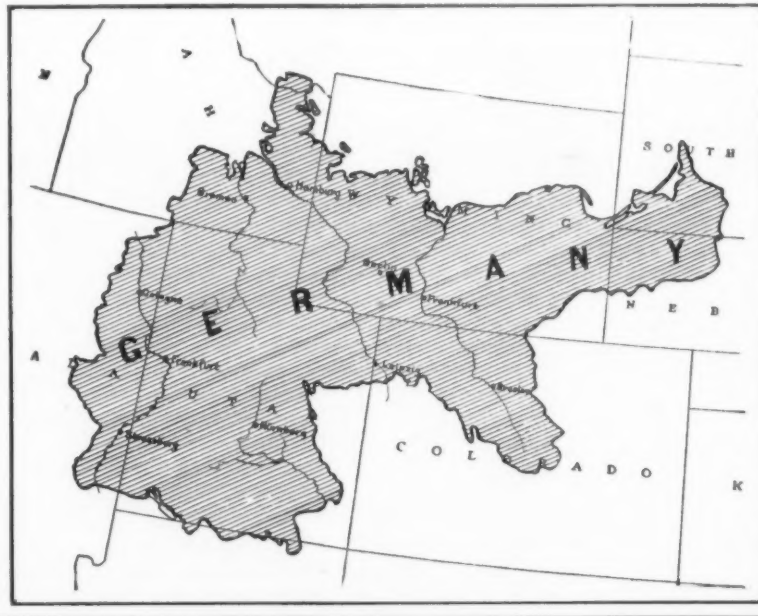
reavements which have thrown their shadows across the otherwise happy and prosperous reign of the noble woman who has swayed the English sceptre now for over fifty years. While death is no respecter of persons and must come to all soon or late, it would seem as if the English Queen had in her own family circle suffered more from the shafts of the dread enemy than any other sovereign of her time. Her first great sorrow came in 1861 in the death of her mother, the Duchess of Kent, to whom she was devotedly attached, and this was followed near the close of the same year by a still more cruel blow, the death of the kind and beloved Prince Consort. These two, Prince Albert and Victoria, loved each other deeply and truly, and it was many years before the Queen recovered from the blow. Once, years after, the Queen was seen mingling her tears with a poor widow on her estate. "We both cried," said the woman. "She was so thankful to cry with some one who knew exactly how she felt." In 1878 the Princess Alice, who had nursed her husband and children through an attack of diphtheria, herself fell a victim to the malady. In 1884 the Duke of Albany, Prince Leopold, who had been the frail one in the family, died suddenly at Cannes, of apoplexy. Other bereavements that brought keen anguish to the mother-heart of the Queen were the death of her grandson, the Duke of Clarence, in 1892, on the eve of his marriage with the Princess May, and not long after this the death, in South Africa, of Prince Henry of Battenberg, the husband of her favorite daughter, the Princess Beatrice. Of this the Queen wrote to a friend at the time: "To witness the blighted happiness of the daughter who has never left me and has comforted and helped me is hard to bear." It is not hard to understand how the Queen, after all these sorrowful experiences, has been able to truly sympathize with the wives and mothers of England who have lost their loved ones on the battle-fields of South Africa.



THIS REMARKABLE MAP DISCLOSES THE VAST AREA OF THE UNITED STATES.



THE SMALL PORTION OF THE UNITED STATES THAT FRANCE WOULD COVER.



GERMANY ABOUT EQUAL TO FOUR WESTERN STATES.

OUR GREAT AND PROSPEROUS COUNTRY.

MAPS WHICH REVEAL ITS VAST EXPANSE OF TERRITORY AS COMPARED WITH THE AREA OF OTHER PROSPEROUS LANDS.
Copyrighted by E. D. Jones, 1900.—[See article on editorial page.]

Why America Should Be Great.

(Continued from page 198.)

covered by the southeastern portion of Montana. Austria would lie under the States of Kansas and Missouri, while Hungary would lie under Indian Territory. Italy would appear occupying the central part of New Mexico and extending through southwestern Texas, parallel to the Rio Grande, to within 200 miles of the Gulf of Mexico. In such an arrangement Florida would stretch down across Asia Minor into Palestine, while the northern border of the United States would cut the Scandinavian peninsula.

As will be seen from these comparisons, the people of the United States are liberally endowed with territory, but it is furthermore a part of the good fortune of the American people that this territory possesses climatic conditions which are conducive to the highest type of industrial and social life. It has been said that the central portion of the North American continent is the largest intimately connected field suited for the purposes of the human race. These broad domains, extending 1,600 miles from north to south through the most equable and stimulating climatic belts of the north temperate zone, lie 2,720 miles from east to west in the direct line of communication between Europe and the fertile plains of China.

The United States is now divided into forty-five States, five

Territories, one district, and three island colonies. These political divisions range in size from Rhode Island and Delaware, with 1,247 and 2,380 square miles of area respectively, to Texas, including 266,011 square miles, or a region larger than the German empire, Denmark, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland combined. The Hawaiian Islands aggregate an area larger than Connecticut and less than Massachusetts; Porto Rico is about as large as Rhode Island and Delaware combined. The Philippines equal Montana.

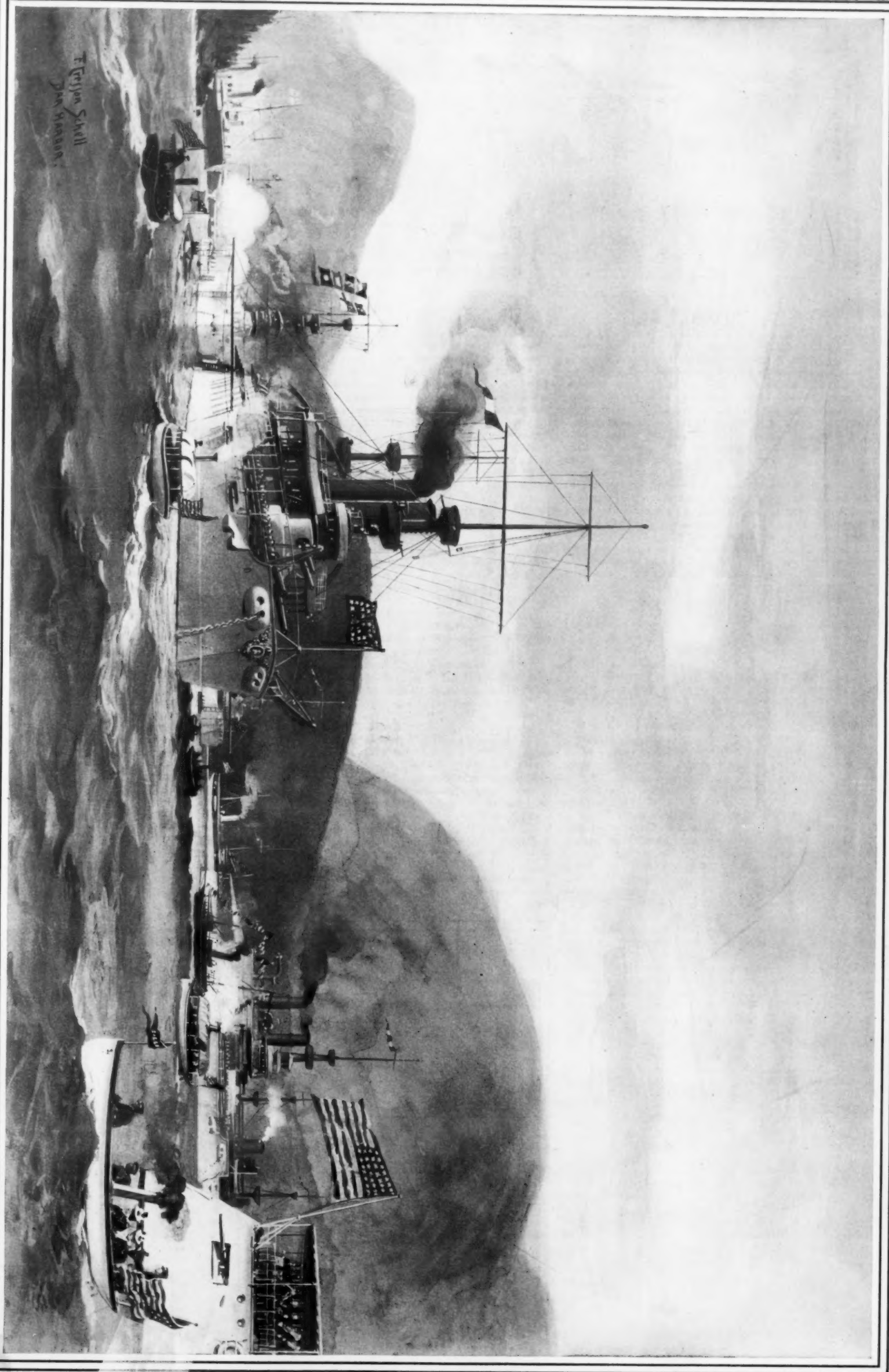
In temperature, rainfall, topography, soil, and mineral deposits the United States is in no wise hindered from taking the rank which its size would indicate for it. The northern boundary is not so far north as to be beyond the range of the profitable industries of wheat growing and stock-raising, yet it is far enough north to include a fine body of northern pine. The South is warm enough to be congenial to rice, cotton, sugarcane, and citrus fruits, but not so warm as to make out-door labor impossible for the white race, or to engender tropical diseases and animal pests. The effect which the altitude of the West would otherwise produce upon climate is largely offset by the warm Chinook winds of the Northwest and the dry atmosphere of other sections, which reduces extremes of sensible cold and heat.

The coast-line of Europe amounts to 19,500 miles, of which 3,000 are within the Arctic Circle. The coast-line of the United

States, exclusive of Alaska, is 12,000 miles, and the great lakes furnish a thousand more miles. If to those are added 10,000 miles of rivers we may estimate that there is one mile of coast or navigable river to every 131 square miles of area. As will be seen by these figures, the American continent is remarkable for its supply of navigable rivers, being in this regard superior to all other continents. The water supplies of the different States vary from Arkansas, which is equipped with 2,110 miles of rivers navigable six months in the year, to Wyoming, having no navigable waters within its boundary.

The United States comprises the fairest domain of the new half-world discovered by Columbus. It now supports a population of over twenty to the square mile; when developed it will be capable of supporting 200. Although it has contributed but two plants of the first rank of importance, viz., maize and tobacco, it has the virtue of likewise contributing few diseases to prey upon the human family or domesticated plants and animals. While ample physical resources do not guarantee a noble type of human life they make its realization vastly easier. America is truly favored.

Edward Jones



British Squadron.

New York.

Kearsarge.

Massachusetts.

Scorpion.

Indiana.

Texas.

Kentucky.

ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME, AT BAR HARBOR, ME., TO AN ENGLISH SQUADRON VISITING AMERICAN WATERS FOR THE FIRST TIME.

HER MAJESTY'S NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON, UNDER COMMAND OF VICE-ADMIRAL BEDFORD, OFFICIALLY RECEIVED BY THE AMERICAN NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON, IN COMMAND OF REAR-ADMIRAL FARQUHAR—THE ENGLISH SQUADRON OF FIVE VESSELS IS JUST ENTERING THE HARBOR. AT THE LEFT OF THE DRAWING—THE AMERICAN SQUADRON OF SEVEN VESSELS IS ON THE RIGHT—ALL ARE ARMORED SHIPS, CONSTITUTING THE STRONGEST AMERICAN WAR FLEET EVER ASSEMBLED AT ONE PLACE.—DRAWN FOR "LESURE WEEKLY" BY ITS SPECIAL MARINE ARTIST, F. CRESSON SCHELL.

China's Collapse at Tien-Tsin.



THE ALLIED FORCES IN BATTLE ARRAY BEFORE THE MUD WALLS AND MASSIVE GATE OF TIEN-TSIN, JUST BEFORE THE SUCCESSFUL ASSAULT ON THE CHINESE STRONGHOLD. Photographed by Our Special War Artist in China, Sydney Adamson.

TIEN-TSIN, July 17th, 1900.—I was roused in the early morning of the 13th of July by the quiet voice of General Liscum calling my name. I jumped to my feet and saluted him as he stood in the Chinese court-yard, the moonlight falling on his gray hair. We had talked together, before retiring on the 12th, for nearly an hour. I had asked for an orderly to waken me, as I was fatigued and feared over-sleeping in the morning. Captain Noyes said he would see to it; but the kind general, who had been a friend to me from the first hour we met, months ago in Tarlac, came and awakened me himself. One remembers many little things about a man which happen on the day that he is killed. General Liscum, Captain Noyes, and myself were all that sat down to breakfast in the headquarters mess. The room has bare brick walls, and at one end is a pile of Chinese benches. Up among the beams is suspended a sedan chair. The headquarters mess still sits down in that room, but it is different now, for the table is turned across the room and a Chinese coolie swings a crazy *punkah* to fan us and keep away the flies. The general and Captain Noyes are not among the number of the mess, but Captain Noyes will come back some day. The barracks are low Chinese buildings inclosing two court-yards, with many lamps hanging from the roof of the inclosure. Straggling, wall lined alleyways run along and across the outer parts and connect with the great godowns where the tribute rice for Peking is stored.

No bugles were sounded. Quietly, save for the murmur of voices and the moving of feet, the Ninth had its early breakfast, then filled its haversacks and canteens for a day in the field, and the two battalions present, the first and second, formed up on the common outside in the moonlight. The roll was called, the report given to the general and duly noted by the adjutant. Then everybody's attention was turned to finding the road on which the other troops of the column were to advance. Two roads were discovered, and as it might be either one, General Liscum had his troops drawn up on the space between.

We had not waited many minutes when the Japanese cavalry began to file past on the farther road. Then came the Austrian blue-jackets, only forty men, and after them more Japanese. Troops now began to come up the other road—Welsh fusiliers, the Wei-Hai-Wei regiment, American marines, and some gun detachments. General Dorward, with his arm in a sling (injured by a fall from his horse), directed the formation of the column near the Taku gate. The position designated for the Ninth was the rear of the column, just after the British naval brigade. The naval brigade was late in getting up, so the Ninth fell in ahead of it. Just as we approached the Taku gate General Liscum ordered a rear guard thrown out. Captain Noyes went down the line with this order. It was then that the general turned to me and expressed certain misgivings about the day's work. It seemed to him that our column was very deficient in numbers, and he had the uncomfortable feeling of a man who goes into a fight without knowing just what is expected of him. However, he said that there was to be a meeting of officers on the field before the fight, and then the plan was to be revealed. This did not take place.

As we turned from our southerly march to the right, and in a westerly direction, the gray light of morning began to show us the way. We were halted just around the turn. Evidently something had delayed the head of the column. During this halt we were overtaken by the British naval brigade. When the column resumed its march the Ninth waited till the naval brigade had assumed its proper position and then fell in behind it. It was then daylight. The column moved due west along a narrow country road. The fields that bordered the road were richly cultivated, showing abundance of market-garden produce. Soon we left the road and, crossing a ridge of earth, we saw the whole line of our column stretching across the fields, turning more and more to the north to face the arsenal. The steady rattle of infantry fire came across the field to us, and then the serious artillery duel was fairly started. As we marched I counted the shots from our position, and at that time they averaged fourteen a minute. The British 4.7 and four inch naval guns were mingling their heavy boom with the sharper reports of the other pieces. Soon the Chinese gunners in the walled city turned their attention to our advancing column and ugly shells came ripping through the air, sometimes bursting uncomfortably near to us and sending clouds of brown sand flying into the air.

We doubled to close up the column, all the time swinging more to the north. Ahead of us, and right across our front, stretched a great mud wall, with a canal skirting its base on our side. This wall lay between us and the city wall, a mile away. Facing our centre was a large brick gateway in the wall, with studded iron gates. At first the Chinese were in force on the

mud wall and in the arsenal, which is just within the gate, but they gradually gave way before our galling infantry fire and the steady rat-tat-tat of the machine-guns. Then the field guns swung into position, and before the triple fire the Chinese abandoned the arsenal and the allied forces rushed over the one narrow bridge that crossed the canal to the gateway. Some of the field-pieces and machine guns were run through the gate, and they, with some infantry, began to clear the broad plain dotted with mud houses that lies between this outer mud wall and the high brick battlements of the Chinese city of Tien-Tsin, more than a mile beyond.

When the Ninth arrived at its position abreast of the gateway and in the rear of the British naval brigade, the sharp "ss," "ss" of the bullets came as regularly as the tick of a watch. We were preparing to lie down when I heard a "plunk" and a grinding sound, followed by a moan. I turned my head, to find a poor fellow gripping his gun, every nerve strained to keep his balance. He seemed dazed. I told him to drop his gun, and held him while he loosened his belt. Then a hospital-corps man came, and together we dragged him over a ditch to the partial cover of a low mud heap, where Dr. Morrow dressed him. I lay here for a while, watching the fight and admiring the cool behavior of British and Americans, who remained in this position under a galling fire a man was hit every few minutes—with cool unconcern. A British soldier sat on the wrong side—that is, the side nearest the enemy—of a mud-heap, holding a pony, which quietly flicked the flies with its tail and tried for the stalks of grass within reach. The horse realized nothing, but the man sat watching the bullets kicking up the sand at his feet, and seemed more unconcerned than the animal.

A terrific explosion shook the whole earth. Away over to the east of north a huge column of smoke rose. From the base spars of ragged smoke radiated like the spokes of a wheel. Slowly the column ascended perpendicularly in the still air, each moment assuming grander proportions, until the tiny spires and houses of the foreign settlement were but the speck-like houses of a distant village at the foot of a colossal mountain. On the top of this pillar a great cloud-shaped ball of smoke bent over a little to the west. For a few intense moments bullets and shells were forgotten and the forces in reserve were lost in wonder at this unexpected sight. It was the explosion of a Chinese magazine, over on the plain beyond the city, that had furnished the spectacle. I went over to where General Liscum was standing, watching the artillery. Captain

Noyes was near him. We talked a few moments, and I asked his permission to go ahead to the wall. He gave it. I started alone across the plain, the air filled with the soft "ss" of the bullets. All around the earth sent up tiny puffs of dust where they struck. As I neared the gate I saw a rectangular mud wall with a sheet of water at its base on the side from which I approached. By the water-edge were some British blue-jackets, with ammunition piled in a rickshaw. I imagined there would be some protection from the wall in front, and sat down beside them to rest from the heat and the bullets. Two Japanese soldiers sat down beside me. In a few seconds one of them was tugging at my sleeve. I turned and saw a hole in his companion's leg. He handed me his first-aid bandage and I dressed the wound.

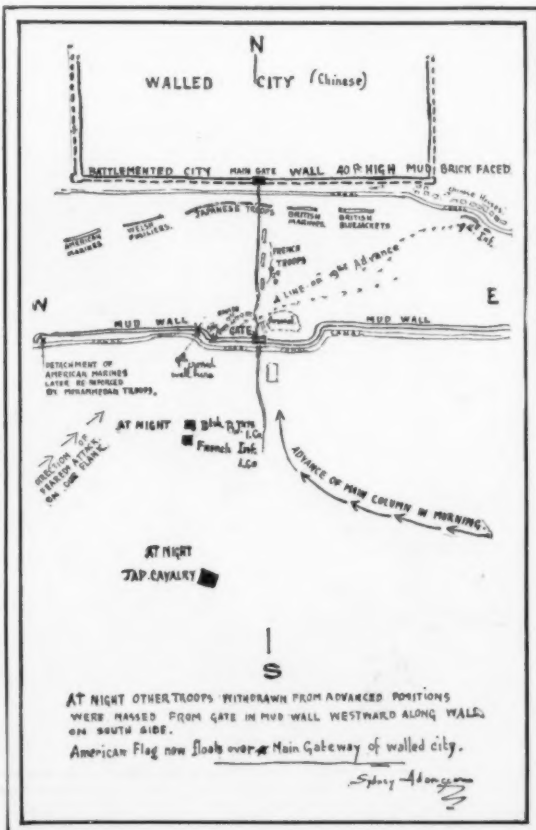
The Ninth had now been ordered to advance, and they were crossing the field in open skirmish order. I joined them, and soon we were massed among troops of all nations in the shelter of the great wall, while the shells ripped the air overhead with a sound like the tearing of cloth, and the bullets hissed on their way to the field that we had just left. Through the gateway the ruined Chinese buildings were dimmed by artillery smoke, and the figures of the men could be seen moving quickly as they served the guns. On each side of the gate stood rows of Japanese ponies. Between them the neatly-capped heads of the Japs could be seen. Heads of tall Mohammedans and Sikhs, with their huge turbans, towered above the small Japanese; masses of blue-shirted fusiliers rubbed shoulders with the khaki-covered Welsh fusiliers; British middies in khaki rode about on Chinese ponies. It was a jumble of races from lands that touch around the earth. A mile away, over the wall and across the plain, the Chinese hordes on the ramparts of their great walls were hurling shells and bullets defiantly at the combined great nations of the world, for from the other side the Russians and Germans were attacking.

Through the great gateway the tide of human beings surged back and forth. With hoarse cries the Japs rushed their guns through. Then the pack animals with ammunition followed. They ran forward amid the ruins of buildings into a mist of blue smoke where dim figures were moving, and the unceasing rat-tat-tat of the machine-guns was pointed by the heavy crashes from the field-pieces. Some infantry was sent through and the fire of the small arms sounded like the crackling of tiny twigs in a great blaze. Overhead the Chinese shells tore the air. One struck the wall of the gate and covered our clothes with dry earth. Soon the Sikh artillery mounted the wall overhead and the concussion from their guns shook us as we stood.

Now the tide of men had stopped rushing through the gate and a bloody stream of wounded began to flow back. Twisted, dirty heaps that a few minutes before were bright, tidy Japanese soldiers were brought out and laid in rows. On their clothes were great Venetian red patches, grayed with mud and covered with swarms of ravenous flies. A few writhed and groaned; others lay still. One seldom looks twice to tell the dead; there is a color, a something indescribable, that tells when life is gone. Often the living were more awful to look at than the dead. I had seen men shot with bullets, but this was the first time that I had seen bodies mangled by shells.

We had left the barracks and formed in the column at three o'clock A. M. By 7:30 A. M. we had lost one man killed and seven men wounded. General Liscum was grieved at these losses, occurring while the Ninth was still inactive. I talked with him for a while on a sand-heap beside the gate, just before the Ninth went over the wall to take up the terrible position which it held all day. Every one was interested at this juncture in a body of troops moving out by the west and south which had the appearance of Chinese cavalry, and whose object seemed to be to flank our left and drive us from our sheltered base behind the wall. All day long this body caused some anxiety, but General Dorward drew off some of the marines and sent them up the wall to its western end to watch their movements and check any attempt to gain the wall at that point.

At five minutes to eight General Liscum led his men over the mud wall and started up the road among the smoking ruins of the Chinese houses, across the little bridge over the canal and around by the arsenal to the open plain, then down the road to a point where they deployed. The Ninth met a sharp fire on its right flank from a dense group of Chinese mud houses over a bend in the canal. This caused General Liscum not to interpret his orders to support the Japanese too literally. With true military judgment he considered it his duty to face and silence, if possible, this destructive fire. General Dorward, in his letter to the Ninth Infantry after the event, appreciates the value of this work and acknowledges that by drawing the fire on itself and vigorously attempting to silence it, the Ninth performed a



signal service in the fight, and prevented a heavier loss among the other troops, at the same time allowing them freer play in the centre.

I followed the Ninth over the wall and down among the Chinese grave mounds and ruined houses beside the canal. Our regiment dashed up the road past the Japanese pack horses, and over the wooden bridge, then swung to the right round by the arsenal. I lay down on one of the graves and watched the fight. On the right the field pieces were firing from the arsenal. Overhead the Sikh artillery was adding to the din. Shells were screaming through the air and sometimes striking the dry sand into clouds among the houses and the graves; and a perfect hail of bullets clipped the walls or buried themselves in the dry mud. I watched a little body of French soldiers coming down toward the gate. A shell struck among the foremost group and toppled them over like ninepins. There was nothing lacking, in this arena of fire and death, of those elements of spectacular and dramatic interest which the world associates with war—the dead horses and human corpses; the ruined, smoking buildings; the roar of guns and the rattle of infantry; the long train of wounded and the hideously mutilated dead; the shells bursting in mid-air or exploding on the earth, while the plainly visible fragments flew up in a fan-shaped spread amid a cloud of driven sand; the quiet heroism of the officers, and the dash of the men; and added to all this there was the new element, the union of races alien until they met on the field, and the little acts of kindness between the white and the brown races where words could not be spoken. With all its horrors it was grand. On such a day the commonplace and the ordinary are driven from one's mind. The game is a mighty one and the stakes are life and death. Until one has seen men in battle it is impossible to truly understand the human race or grasp the fullness of words that speak the history of nations.

Sometimes a lull would come in the firing on one side or the other—a temporary lack of ammunition at the guns, or a pause for observation among officers directing the fire. But these intervals were of short duration, and the cracking of rifles, mingled with the heavier report of the ponderous muzzle-loading two-men guns which the Chinese used to help out their musketry, never ceased from dawn till sunset. Between ten and eleven it was reported at the gate that General Liscum was mortally wounded. Then came the report of his death. Next, Major Regan was reported hit, and Captain Davis, of the marines, killed. Not an hour went past without another name to the list. The Japanese loss was appalling. Terrible rows of dead and wounded were lying side by side behind the great mud wall. Pitiful attempts at shades were put up to keep away the rays of the merciless sun, that beat straight down on the burning sand. Ghastly patches of ravenous flies swarmed on every wound and every bandage. Every little bloody rag or drop of blood that had fallen on the sand was black with this living plague, and the air was alive when a movement disturbed their horrid feast.

In the afternoon General Dorward sent a detachment of Mohammedan infantry to further protect the flank from the distant enemy, which still hovered off in the southwest.

I did not see Lieutenant Lawton when he brought in the message from Major Lee to General Dorward. It was a daring thing, bravely done. When the first dash of the Ninth had brought them well up to the position which they finally held, Major Regan and Major Lee discussed the situation. General Liscum approached, and as Major Regan walked away he was hit. Then Major Lee went along the line to attend to his men. He turned to look for the general, and, not seeing him, called out to know where he was. Lieutenant Frazier answered: "He is here, sir, wounded—badly wounded." Then Major Lee took command. Some alterations were made in the disposition of the men, and they were crowded down in a curve, many of them in the mud and water. Even then a cross-fire reached some of the men. At this point a deep canal prevented the Ninth from rushing the enemy's position.

It was a desperate position, within a hundred yards of a dense cluster of houses swarming with Chinese. At three points along the bank of the canal on the Chinese side, behind sandbags, guns were placed. One was a machine-gun. The ammunition was running low, and it was feared the Chinese might find a way of crossing the canal. Retreat was impossible without a loss greater than the advance would cause. To retreat under the guns of this watchful enemy meant the annihilation of these two battalions of the Ninth. Major Lee decided that some attempt should be made to get news of the Ninth's situation to General Dorward. Lieutenant Lawton volunteered to go. About ten o'clock, accompanied by an orderly, he started across the fire-swept distance to the gate in the outer mud wall. Reckless exposure was useless, fatal; so he took advantage of every cover and delivered his message safely to the British general. The return journey was made in safety till the very last jump, when the bullets that stiffened his right arm and grazed his head found their mark. The orderly, Philip Hoyle, trumpeter of G Company, made both journeys unhurt. The outcome of Lawton's message was that General Dorward sent a company of American marines, under Captain Fuller, and half a company of British blue-jackets to support the Ninth. That regiment did all that any troops could do; they lay tight, held their position, and sent in an effective fire at every yellow target. Between four and five in the afternoon Lieutenant-Colonel Coolidge arrived with two companies of the third battalion. He immediately saw General Dorward, and suggested taking in water and ammunition to relieve the men. General Dorward very wisely held that to send in new men only meant fresh and unnecessary losses, out of all proportion to the little good they could accomplish. It would be dusk in a few hours, and under cover of the darkness fresh troops could safely go in, cover the retreat, and assist in bringing off the wounded.

In a little while Captain Noyes came in alone. His was a pitiful tale. Wounded early in the day, he had lain in the shelter of a wrecked house. About three o'clock he decided that he would stand it no longer, and he had a strong hope that the information he could bring to General Dorward might be of use in devising a way to relieve the Ninth. He had been shot through the left leg and the right arm, yet he crawled into a ditch and for two weary hours paddled and crawled through the filthy water, taking cover from the mud banks, till at last he came out, pale and exhausted, and sat at the base of the mud wall

among the wounded Japanese. He pointed out with a trembling hand to General Dorward, on a map, the exact position of the men and the possibility of trying to shell the Chinese out of the mud houses over the canal. But that idea had to be given up; it was too dangerous, since the Americans lay but a stone's-throw from the Chinese. To a gunner they were almost the same target. Nothing could be done but wait for the night. Captain Noyes was put in a rickshaw and taken down to the hospital, moving on the sheltered side of the mud wall.

The Japanese, the American and British marines, some French troops, the Welsh Fusiliers, and British blue-jackets held on in the same stubborn fashion. At nightfall nearly all the troops were withdrawn from their advanced position, except the Japanese, and placed along the mud wall. Japanese cavalry were thrown out to guard against a flank attack from the southwest during the night, and within the cavalry-line one company of French infantry and one company of British blue-jackets were placed. The main force itself was massed along the wall, stretching from the gate by the arsenal to its western end.

Reviewing the fight during the evening, we were all despondent. On the face of it we had failed. We had withdrawn our forces, after a hard fight, with heavy loss. Then we had no knowledge of the terrible havoc our shell-fire had wrought among the Chinese, nor of their demoralized condition. These things considered, the splendid courage of the Japanese in holding on to their advanced position, and, during the early morning, creeping over to the very gates and blasting them down, stands out conspicuously. They are magnificent fighters. Neat and clean, well drilled, perfectly equipped, and dauntless under any fire, they are equal to, if not better than, any troops from other nations on the spot. In a fight all that is done counts, but there is always one conspicuous part played by some body of men that is the *coup* which wins the day. Not only had the Japanese borne a heavy portion of the fight during the day, infantry and artillery alike working with a vim and courage that never abated, despite the continual stream of dead and wounded, but they hung on to their advanced position, reached the gates in the darkness, and opened them with dynamite for the rest of the army to enter, victorious, on the morning of the 14th.

SYDNEY ADAMSON.

Denounced by General Liscum.

HE TOLD "LESLIE'S" CORRESPONDENT OF RUSSIAN BARBARITIES—TRANSPORT "LOGAN" THROWN OPEN TO REFUGEES.

TAKU, July 11th, 1900.—After the arrival of the *Logan* here, General Liscum left the transport to visit Admiral Kempff. General Liscum came on board at night. In the morning he called me into his room and communicated all he knew. He told me of the single-hearted conduct of the naval commanders of all nations, who had, without regard to nationality, taken refugees on board their ships. The general had at once thrown the *Logan* open in the same spirit of generosity. All were invited, and no nation discriminated against. Some of the officers turned out of their rooms to accommodate the women and children. This action was taken by the general without government sanction, but with the full belief that it would be backed up by the American government and the people; and, failing that, a complete willingness was expressed by the general to pay the expenses himself.

He told me of the wanton cruelty of the Russian soldiers; that men, women, and children were killed alike and the villages laid waste by fire. The river at that time was lined with the dead, and dogs were fattening on human flesh. With strict injunctions not to cable any matters which might cause international trouble, he informed me that it was useless to disguise the friction which did already exist. The Russians were attempting to grab everything and the others seemed powerless to stop them. At that date they were trying to snatch control of the railroad from Taku to Tien-Tsin. Since then they have done it. Their flag floats over the imperial Chinese dock-yard and on groups of mud huts that control bends of the river.

The two days at Nagasaki for coal were a brief, bustling interlude to the calm, gray days of our trip to China. The *Logan* lay like a white giant in the still harbor. All round, the hills were gray in the drizzling rain. Lighters and junks piled themselves against her sides, and a swarm of grinning coal-coolies passed baskets up with tireless haste. If the task of filling the giant's bunkers had meant life or death to those laughing people they could not have worked harder. Women and girls were numerous in the living chain, but the steady muscular swing of those comely shoulders would put the Western athletic girl to the blush. Tiny boys from two to five, clad in coal dust and smiles, moved among the flying coal-baskets and hung dangerously over the junks to the water. Some boys of twelve carried infants strapped to their backs, but the charge cheerfully shared the danger of the boy's monkey tricks. Not many men of the Ninth were allowed on shore, but a much greater number contrived to go. Rumors floated to and from the land. Peking was relieved. Every one in Peking was massacred. The *Oregon* was off uninjured. The *Oregon* was off, but badly damaged. We heard that General Chaffee was coming. Three more regiments were coming from the Philippines; then this was reduced to one, and finally cut to a squadron of cavalry and a battery of artillery.

Some of us rushed through the streets in "rickshaws" buying trinkets and Japanese literature, and trying to find substitutes for the things left behind in the rush from the Philippines. We rushed to tea-houses and had geishas dance in the light of round lamps, and crammed our time with feverish folly; for some had said—and now we know how truly said for some—that it was the last we'd see of God's country. At last the bunkers were filled, and as the evening wore on the guards returned with batches of the "absents without leave,"—and he it said they pleaded "guilty" to a man, stood their fines as those who pay their debts after a night of play, and then turned their faces resolutely to the front. And who will blame them now? It was the last night's revelry for some. The *Brooklyn* had come in as the sun went down. She brought but little news. At midnight our anchor-chains began to rattle. When we woke

in the gray, cool morning the *Logan* was heading steadily toward the straits of Pe-chih-li.

On the afternoon of the second day, away over on the horizon straight ahead, we saw a lot of tiny dots, which grew into masts and fighting-tops; then we saw the funnels and heavy hulls. The last eight miles we glided along slowly, the lead going down every few minutes, and the monotonous voice calling to the bridge how the fathoms registered. With field-glasses we began to make out the flags, and we rivaled each other in ignorance of their nationality; for every landsman does not know the naval flags of the world, however well he knows the flags that stand for countries on the land. A dozen times the stars and stripes were spied only to prove Japanese. At last we were among the ships and were swinging to an anchorage in the midst of such a fleet as the world has never seen before. The strength and beauty of those ships that flew the radiating red sun of Japan and the blue cross of Russia were noticed by all, and none failed to note that these had numbers on their sides. We saw a Chinese gun-boat, looking innocent enough with her green dragon at the peak. Some one said the breech-blocks of her guns were on board the British flag-ship. The German flag was located, and then the Austrian. An Italian vessel was made out. Away down the anchorage I discovered the heavy hull of a British battle-ship filling her bunkers from a collier. Other black British hulls loomed up near her in the softening light. But strain as we would no one could find the stars and stripes. At last, just before the mess-bell called us below, we spied a small-hulled, tall-funnelled ship at the farthest point in the anchorage. Some said it was the *Charleston*, but the captain came down from the bridge and we learned that it was the *Newark*. General Liscum left in the middle of dinner, and taking several staff officers with him, went on board the *Newark* to visit Admiral Kempff. After dinner we strolled about the deck, reveling in the cool air that was almost chilly to us, and marveling at the long twilight as the sun slanted obliquely to the northwest and, even after the moon had risen, left a lingering afterglow over the horizon. We were all used to the sudden plunge into darkness about seven o'clock in the tropics, and the long, dreamy twilight seemed strange and uncanny.

Then came a day of waiting and watching, hoping for news and asking foolish questions of each other, each vaguely suspecting that his neighbor must be keeping back the all important information—the hour at which we should disembark. During the early morning hours we had anchored alongside the *Newark*, and close to us lay the *Yorktown*. As we swung to the tide the Austrian *Zenta* lay off our port side, and beyond stretched the noble array of Russian ships. I sketched the fleet as it showed on one side, but that only embraces a section, for all round the compass the ships lay as closely together. Words cannot describe it. A circular panorama alone could do it justice as a spectacle. A launch came on board with several correspondents. We formed in groups around them and listened to stories of the bombardment of Tien-Tsin. Tales were told of women's coolness and how the children looked as a matter of fact upon shells. But none of them had seen the face of a dead comrade, and it is well that their nerves were never broken. Before daylight a junk was alongside taking on the belongings of the second battalion. About nine o'clock the big iron lighter loaded with five companies, four being the first battalion and one company of the second, followed by the junk with the remaining three companies of the second battalion, and a string of boats full of marines from the *Brooklyn* swung out from the *Logan* with two tugs in charge. All along the rail of the *Logan*, on the upper deck, the women and children crowded and waved their handkerchiefs to the boys in blue who were going to fight for the safety of their friends, it might be of their husbands and fathers. The remaining officers were almost lost in the crowd. Every open place on the lower deck was crammed with the blue shirts of the third battalion, which was jealously waiting its turn to follow.

The Ninth's band on our iron lighter played patriotic airs and everybody cheered, because it was the only sane thing to do. Away over on the *Brooklyn* the jackies lined up and roared their cheers across the water at us, while the wind brought faint snatches of the music from the deck. The Austrian *Zenta* lined up her crew and cheered, while some ladies waved to us from her gun-ports. Then we settled down, 450 of us, to swelter on the blazing iron deck of the lighter, that burned our feet through our heavy boots. The tugs labored with their heavy tows, and we scarcely made four knots' speed over the twelve miles to the Taku forts. A Japanese destroyer, a Russian torpedo-boat, a British supply-ship would slip past with only a passing comment. But at last every man was roused and straining, for the Taku forts were rising, as it were, out of the sea. Over the port bow a chain of forts shaped like pyramids with the upper half cut off, joined together by walls of mud and brick, stretched away to the left. As we neared the forts men could be seen patrolling the walls. Then the Japanese flag was made out, and lower down on the sands were many soldiers. As the lighter slipped past we saw how slight the damage done by the shells had been to the mud walls, and we wondered that such impregnable positions were ever taken.

As we rounded the point into the river, similar forts and walls appeared on the right, with a great gateway through the wall. Bodies of Japanese cavalry and pack horses were coming through the gate and stringing along a sand road just beyond the short sage green reeds that skirt the muddy river. And now we passed some of the gun-boats and sloops-of-war that had borne the brunt of the fight and driven the Chinese from the forts. A British ship was the first, and our mingled cheering was tremendous. The Russians and Germans cheered in a formal way, as if it were a drill. At word of command—or so it appeared—they raised their caps all together with a direct perpendicular movement and each time gave a short, stereotyped cheer. The irregular roar that they got in return seemed much more spontaneous and hearty. The first chance we got to cheer the Japs we gave it to them long and hearty, with that real enthusiasm born of a true admiration for the splendid fighting they had done. Even from the highest pile of baggage bulging up from the hold there is nothing to be seen, so deadly flat is the land. The faintest rise of a mud village blocks the view,

(Continued on page 208.)



1. THE HURRICANE'S WIDE SWATH IN THE RESIDENCE SECTION. 2. RETTER'S RESTAURANT ON THE STRAND, WHERE A NUMBER OF PROMINENT MERCHANTS WERE KILLED WHILE DINING AND JOKING.

RUIN, DEATH AND DESOLATION AT GALVESTON.

PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY M. L. FOSTER, OF HOUSTON, TEXAS.



1. ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE LITTLE STORM-SWEPT TOWN OF GENOA. 2. COLLAPSE OF THE IMMENSE COTTON SHEDS ON THE GALVESTON WHARVES.

IN THE PATHWAY OF THE GREAT TEXAS HURRICANE.

PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY M. L. FOSTER, OF HOUSTON, TEXAS.



1. CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL IN EAST END. 2. TOTAL WRECK OF THE EXTENSIVE WATER-WORKS PLANT. 3. HOUSE THAT WAS CARRIED FIFTEEN BLOCKS. 4. IN THE EAST END—RESIDENCES WHERE CLOSE
7. RUINS OF RESIDENCES WHERE HUNDREDS OF LIVES WERE LOST. 8. SEARCHING FOR THE DEAD IN THE EAST END. 9. LOOKING INLAND FROM THE BEACH
10. WHICH WAS BURNED OFF JUST AFTER THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN. COVERED

GALVESTON'S AWFUL VISITATION—6,000 LIVES LOST—5,000

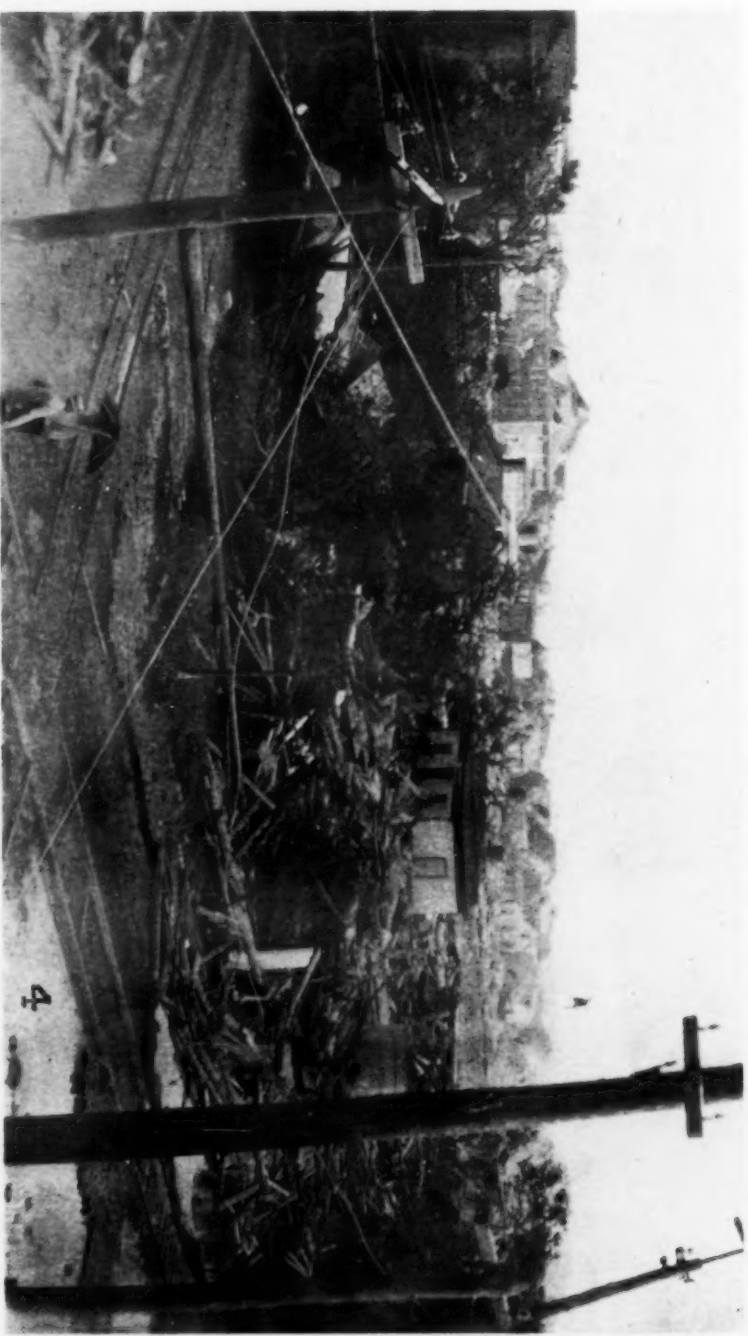
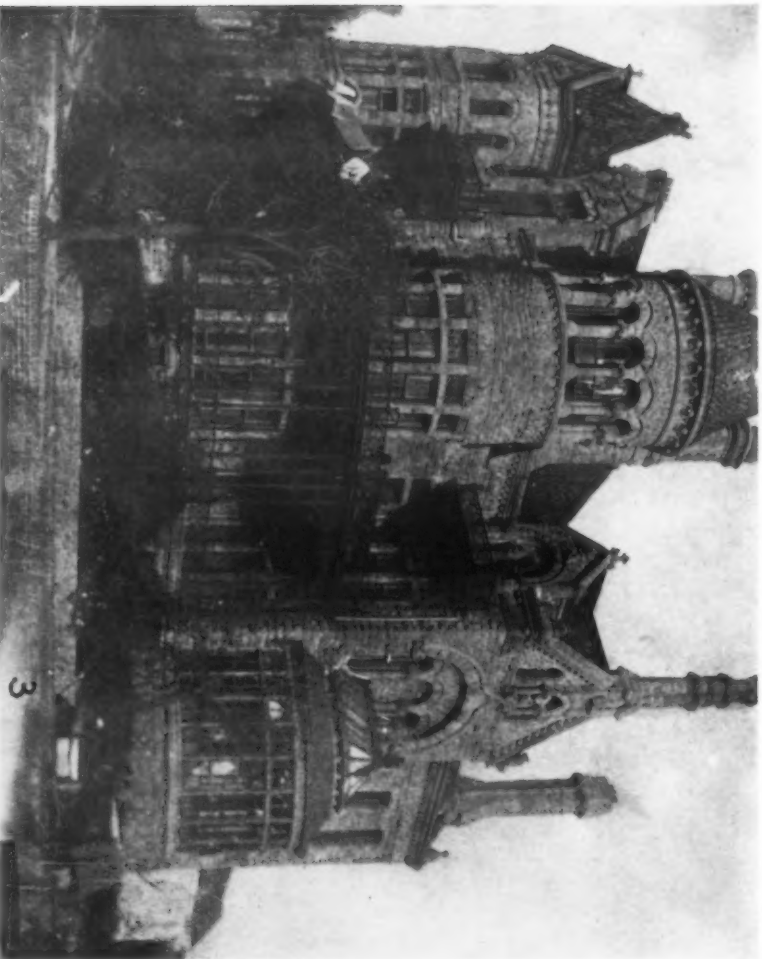
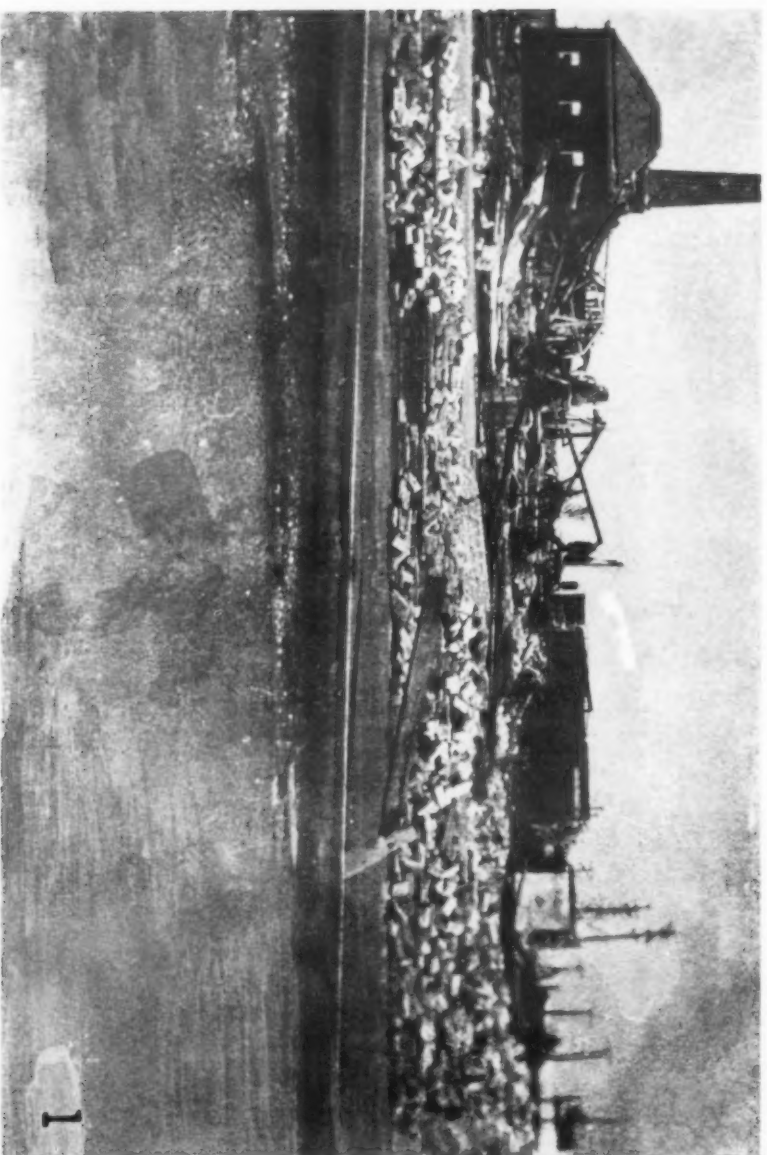
PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY J.



-RESIDENCES WERE CLOSE TOGETHER BEFORE THE STORM. 5. IN THE WEST END, WHERE MANY BODIES WERE FOUND. 6. WRECKAGE FROM GALVESTON CARRIED TO TEXAS CITY, EIGHT MILES DISTANT.
 G INLAND FROM THE BEACH OVER THE EAST END RESIDENCE DISTRICT. 10. TAKING BODIES FROM THE RUINS IN THE EAST END. 11. THE WEST END WRECKAGE.
 I WAS TAKEN COVERED MANY DEAD. 12. HABITATIONS WRECKED ALONG THE GULF

S LOS-5,000 BUILDINGS WRECKED-\$15,000,000 DAMAGE.

R "LESLIE WEEKLY" BY M. L. FOSTER, OF HOUSTON, TEXAS.



1. TROLLEY-CAR POWERHOUSE WHERE FORTY PEOPLE WERE KILLED. 2. THE RETAIL STORE DISTRICT, MARKET STREET. 3. THE WALTER GRESHAM \$300,000 RESIDENCE, THE ONLY BUILDING STANDING IN THE EAST END. 4. RUINS OF THE STORM-SWEPT RESIDENCE SECTION LOOKING OUTWARD.

GALVESTON AFTER THE STORM.

PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY M. L. FOSTER, OF HOUSTON, TEXAS.



1. LOOKING WEST ON SEALY STREET. 2. LOOKING EAST ON SEALY STREET.

DESOLATION AT ALVIN, TWENTY MILES FROM GALVESTON.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY J. I. PHILLIPS, ALVIN.

Denounced by General Liscum.

(Continued from page 203.)

and beyond there is only the burning sky. A Chinese mud village is peculiar, and distinct from any other form of settlement that I have ever seen. The nearest thing to it are the mud settlements on the deserts of northern Africa, but these are clumsy and shapeless, while the Chinese mud house is a house, not a hut, well formed, if small, while the roof and copings are sometimes constructed with tiles and ornaments of beautiful design. Sometimes a white panel is let into the mud-colored wall, and on this are Chinese characters in black. The houses are small and built close together, conveying an impression of dense population. But often the settlements that we passed were utterly deserted, and some were but smouldering heaps of blackened ruins. As we approached Tongku the country became more verdant and seemed beautifully cultivated, every scrap of soil bearing something neatly planted in plots or rows. Sleek-looking donkeys roamed about at will, and stray cattle were sometimes seen.

We swung alongside a lighter used for distilling water by the British, a cable's length from the old *Monocacy*, a United States vessel more like the old Civil War ships than anything built now, and dating from that period. Here we tied up for the night at Tongku. The troops were landed, and the Ninth made its first camp on Chinese soil amid the smoking ruins of a once prosperous river town. The Russian flag floats over the railroad station. A Russian hospital is in operation. Russian Cossacks with brutal, clownish faces ride their small, well-formed horses down to water at the river. There is no house in Tongku left standing that belonged to a Chinaman. A few hunted Chinese remain, like frightened stray dogs. They throw themselves on the earth and grovel at your feet for mercy. People who know say that this has been brought about by the Russians. Some say the Japanese have helped, but that is not so commonly spoken. In the morning, after breakfast, the camp was struck and we jammed ourselves together on the iron deck to swelter for another day, without shelter, under the pitiless sun. The mud villages became stale, and the long, snaky winding of the river kept the officers on the tug busy to prevent the great lighter from running her nose in the sand. On the iron deck the men wilted with the stifling heat. Some lay on the deck in the shadow of a comrade's body, and the sweat rolled in great beads from his face and wrists, to dry on the burning iron. Many sat listlessly on the bulwarks, and others crowded on the piled-up baggage. A man fell overboard, and when he was rescued the heat again kept us silent. It was discovered that some property had been broken into and stolen by men who had got into the after hold. Some companies were lined up, haversacks searched, and several men put under arrest.

General Liscum in the morning had spoken fiercely to the whole command about stealing, putting every one on his honor, yet this happened in the afternoon. He told the men who cared about the name of the regiment to disfigure any man caught stealing the regiment's property. We again lapsed into heat-oppressed silence. Then the tug pulling the junk found her boiler tubes leaking and she had to run into the bank for repairs. This lost us three companies, and we expected a fight in the morning. Then another man fell overboard. He swam to the shore and ran along the bank till he reached some Chinese with boats who put him on board the tug. Every few hundred yards on the mud banks lay huddled heaps of rags. Sometimes dogs lay on the heaps or pulled them savagely with their teeth. They were dead Chinese. If we swung near the bank the stench of putrid flesh hung in the burning air.

Toward evening we ran aground in a bend of the river, but in half an hour the tug pulled us off, assisted by a crowd of Chinese who pulled a rope to the rhythm of an Oriental chant. They begged us for a bag to put over their houses as protection against the foreigners, but I think we had no flags to spare. The tug was now lashed alongside the lighter, for the river is narrow there and the bends are sharp. As the evening closed in we could hear the booming of heavy guns, and we knew that Tientsin was shelling the foreign settlement. General Liscum came over from the tug and walked among the men, giving quiet orders to the company officers. He picked out one poor lad completely overcome by the heat and had him laid on a blanket on the tug. The general invited me on to the tug and together we talked for a while about a big fire that was blazing up the river. Then he lay down above the engine-room to rest. I squatted on the deck by my field equipments and watched the darkness falling. Presently I fell asleep and awakened to find it midnight, and the lighter drifting to her moorings in Tientsin. On the opposite bank the last of a building was burning to the ground, the flames leaping up with a theatrical effect among the trees. Several American marine officers were on shore to meet us. Soon a heavy plank was hoisted on board, which bridged the space to the shore, and the first battalion with one company of the second battalion, Ninth United States Infantry, formed up on the banks of the Pei-ho a little before eleven o'clock P. M., on the 11th of July, 1900.

A bright young officer of marines piloted me to the marine headquarters, which for that night was to be our rendezvous. The first duty of civilized man to his tired fellows is to provide them with soap and water. The marines not only did this right royally, but added brush and comb, and then set us down to a sumptuous meal a few hours before midnight. We learned everything in a breath as we walked over soft carpets and laid our equipments on carved furniture and drank tea out of pots that we would fight for with dollars in the American art galleries. We learned that we were expected then and there to take our guns and make a flank movement somewhere. The food and bright talk of the young officers revived us, and we buckled on our pistols light heartedly. Out in the court-yards the men were treated in the same handsome fashion. At last we were ready, and with nothing to encumber us but canteen and pistol we stood in groups on the steps of the barracks, waiting for orders. Then I heard General Liscum's voice saying: "It's all off—something about the Russians—and you can tell the men to turn in just as they are and be ready to be called at any moment." The groups of officers melted away, blankets were pulled out on the carpet, and the lucky ones disappeared within netting to escape the plague of flies which begin their assault with the first rays of

dawn. We talked till Major Waller ordered us all to be quiet and had the lights turned down; then we fell asleep to be awakened in the early morning with the ripping sound of shells and the rattle of small arms over the river. SYDNEY ADAMSON.

The Fall Dramatic Season.

"BEN-HUR" is having a splendid and successful revival at the Broadway, with William Farnum in the title rôle. The revival of "The Pride of Jennico" at the Criterion, also attracts large audiences. It is a thrilling and powerful drama.

The ingenuity of the comic writer in inventing funny names for farcical productions is well exemplified in "Hodge, Podge & Co.," the new piece in which Peter F. Dailey will star. Here are some of them: "Sheeza Dream," "Ainshe Grayte," "Guessab Genn," and "Eulalia Lee." The humor in the last name lies particularly in the peculiar way Mr. Dailey will make use of it in a specialty in the second act.

All the variety entertainments of the first-class maintain their hold. Among the newest attractions are a short play by Patrice, "The Girl in the Moon," at Proctor's Fifth Avenue, and an original monologue by Maurice Barrymore; the Hashims, and other attractions at Koster & Bial's; moving pictures of the Corbett-McCoy fight at the Cherry Blossom roof garden, and some remarkable Eiffel Tower views at the Eden Musée.

The lyrics and music in "The Rogers Brothers in Central Park" will attract not a little attention. J. Cheever Goodwin is the author of the verses and Maurice Levi the composer of the melodies. The special numbers are called: "The Matrimonial Agent," "The Duchess of Central Park," "Sally," "If Cabby Told Half that He Knows," "When Reuben Comes to Town," "Is It Yes, or Is It No?" "I Would if I Were You," and "Keep Off the Grass."

The public has its favorites and manifests its regard by visible tokens whenever these favorites appear in something new. The announcement of a new comic opera, "The Monks of Malabar," at the Knickerbocker, stirred up the friends of that popular actor, Francis Wilson, and there was a rush for seats for the first night. Otis Skinner, in "Prince Otto," at Wallack's, a play not altogether satisfying, but which has much merit, was graciously received, and Hope Booth at the Grand Opera, in "A Wife in Pawn," Charles E. Blaney's new comedy drama, was welcomed with an enthusiasm of unmistakable sincerity.

New York's new play-house, the Theatre Republic—Oscar Hammerstein, builder, proprietor, and manager—will be open to the public some time next month. The proscenium of this dainty new theatre will be found to be almost ideal. There is a fine pitch to the solid asphalt floor, and any poor man behind any number of gaudily beheaded women will be able to see the stage and performance perfectly. "I have looked out for the men this time," Mr. Hammerstein says. There will be but one row of boxes, running perpendicularly on either side of the proscenium arch, and these are so constructed that auditors sitting at the extreme right and left will be as happily disposed, as far as the witnessing of the performance is concerned, as any in the house.

The American novelist and the American playwright are sharing in the honors of the theatrical world. The success which attended the production of August Thomas's great American play of "Arizona" during its presentation in Chicago last year led to high expectations regarding its first production in this city, and a delighted audience at the Herald Square attested its friendly feeling by unsuppressed manifestations of delight. The dramatization of that popular novel, "Richard Carvel," gave John Drew and Ida Conquest a very striking opportunity to make an impression at the Empire Theatre. It was expected that on its merits as a literary work the novel would achieve success in the dramatized form, and the expectation was not disappointed.

It is promised by the Sire Brothers that their new extravaganza, "A Million Dollars," which is shortly to be produced in the New York Theatre, where it now is in rehearsal, will be one of the most elaborate productions ever made by them, and, with "The Man in the Moon" and "Broadway to Tokio" in view, this is certainly saying a great deal. There will be almost 200 people in the piece, including nearly a score of prominent stage-folk as principals. As *Aurora Borealis*, the leading woman's part, Cora Tanner will appear in a burlesque rôle for the first time in her career. Miss Tanner sang a comic-opera part about a dozen years ago, but her work has al-



CORA TANNER, AS "AURORA BOREALIS."

ways been in dramatic productions until two years ago, since which time she has been in vaudeville.

The head liners of the Keith bill this week will be those famous stars, Milton and Dollie Nobles, whose great popularity throughout the United States in "The Phoenix" and other dramas written by Mr. Nobles is fresh in the minds of playgoers. They are among the most popular visitors to Keith's, and the witty one-act comedy in which they appear, called "A Blue Grass Widow," is one of the best things that the celebrated actor-dramatist has ever produced. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sidman, also tremendous favorites, will appear in "Back Home," a beautiful and laughable sketch of rural life. Charles Rauschle, a noted German mimic, will make his first appearance in New York. Waldon, a male soprano, has just arrived from Europe, and will make his American debut. Stelling and Revelle in a comedy bar act, and a lot of other first-class performers, fill out a superb bill.

There is no mistaking the public appetite for amusement. Theatre goers who prefer a farce to a tragedy are in the great majority, though every one respects the modest and refined minority which still finds pleasure in Shakespeare and in all the dramas of the old-time school. Perhaps the admiration for

these old-fashioned plays has subsided somewhat because of the disappearance of those gifted men of genius who, in their day, gave to the legitimate drama its conceded supremacy. The New York theatres which especially attract those who enjoy laughter include the Garrick, with Louis Mann and Clara Lipman in "All On Account of Eliza"; the Madison Square, which seldom fails to please its select audiences, with "The Husbands of Leontine," preceded by a sombre curtain-raiser; the Lyceum, where the polite and delicious comedy, "A Royal Family," has increased the high favor in which Miss Annie Russell has long stood, and Weber & Fields', with a remarkably competent company in two of the weakest productions that these able managers and directors have ever produced, "Fiddle-dee dee" and "Quo Vas Iss." The limits of space will not permit a review of these productions in this issue. They will have attention later.

The dual inaugural of Hammerstein's new theatre (the festive Oscar's eighth), and of "Sag Harbor," has been set for Wednesday, September 26th.



JAMES A. HERNE, THE EMINENT ACTOR.

The Theatre Republic will be gorgeous inside and beautiful from exterior observation. Mr. Herne calls the fun in his "Sag Harbor" "the unconscious humor of life." He maintains that the most comical folk are those that do not know they are comical. "Sag Harbor" is subtitled "An Old Story"; but the pair of lovers of whom Mr. Herne plays the swain suggest an idea which has a new sound in stage literature. The lady in the case has an affection for *Captain Dan Marble*

which she does not dissemble, but she does not want to marry the captain for fear of the responsibilities of motherhood. What she eventually does and what comes of it all is Mr. Herne's exclusive information. It would be unfair to tell until after the first performance. The dominant romance in "Sag Harbor" gives a modern treatment of the Bible story of Cain and Abel, for the Turner brothers, Ben and Frank, both love the same girl—Martha Reese; and in the repressed, but none the less impressive Herne manner, they show that they are willing to die for her. The story comes to a happy, yet logical, conclusion. JASON.

To Amateur Photographers.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. Many of our readers have asked us to open a similar contest, and we therefore offer a prize of five dollars for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and for that which bears a special relation to news events of current interest. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for the return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph that may be used. No copyrighted photographs will be received, nor such as have been published or offered elsewhere. Many photographs are received, and those accepted will be utilized as soon as possible. Contestants should be patient. No writing, except the name and address of the sender, should appear on the back of the photograph, and in every instance care must be taken to use the proper amount of postage. Photographs must be entered by the amateur who took the picture. Silver paper with a glossy finish should be used when possible. Mat surface paper is not the best for reproduction. Preference is always given to pictures of recent current events of importance, for the news feature is one of the chief elements in selecting the prize winners.

The Paris Exposition.—During the Paris Exposition LESLIE'S WEEKLY will devote a page or more, at intervals, to a special display of photographs taken on the exposition grounds by amateurs. The best photograph, from the standpoint of originality, interest, and artistic merit, at the close of the contest, November 1st, will receive a special prize of twenty dollars and for each photograph accepted two dollars will be paid on publication. Entries should be marked: "For Paris Exposition Amateur Contest." See general directions.

American Sporting Photographs.—To be submitted before October 4th. Golf, fishing, boating, base-ball, foot ball, hunting, and photographs of any American sport available. First prize, \$10. Two dollars for every other photograph accepted.

SPECIAL PRIZES.—We offer special prizes of ten dollars to each prize-winner, until further notice, for the most unique, original, and attractive pictures in the following classes: Thanksgiving, Christmas, Negro Life, Automobile-driving, Cute Children (babies included), Indian Life, American Frontier Scenes, Gold hunting in Alaska. Contestants should mention the class in which they desire to compete.

N. B.—Communications should be specifically addressed to "Leslie's Weekly, 110 Fifth Avenue." When the address is not fully given, communications sometimes go to "Leslie's Magazine," or other publications having no connection with "Leslie's Weekly."

PHOTOGRAPHS RECEIVED AND ENTERED IN THE COMPETITIONS. General Contest: Frank J. Johnson, Johnstown, N. Y.; C. D. Ten Eyck, Detroit, Mich.; D. H. Brookins, Chicago, Ill.; F. C. Evans, Minneapolis, Minn.

Negro Life: J. L. Sheppard, Jr., Columbia, S. C.

Summer Resort Recreations: Ray E. Becker, Fenton, Mich.; Arthur E. Mooney, St. Louis, Mo.

Cute Children: R. H. Lesesne, New York.

Hang On.

COFFEE TOPERS AS BAD AS OTHERS.

"A FRIEND of our family who lived with us a short time was a great coffee drinker and a continual sufferer with dyspepsia. He admitted that coffee disagreed with him, but you know how the coffee drinker will hold on to his coffee, even if he knows it causes dyspepsia.

"One day he said to me that Postum Food Coffee had been recommended, and suggested that he would like very much to try it. I secured a package and made it strictly according to directions. He was delighted with the new beverage, as was every one of our family. He became very fond of it, and in a short time his dyspepsia disappeared. He continued using the Postum and in about three months gained twelve pounds.

"My husband is a practicing physician, and regards Postum as the healthiest of all beverages. He never drinks coffee, but is very fond of Postum. In fact, all of our family are, and we never think of drinking coffee any more." Mrs. Mary E. Brown, Waterford, Va.

An Awful Calamity in Texas.

It is seldom that the world hears of such a calamity as that of which Galveston, Tex., was the centre on September 8th. A West Indian hurricane of fearful intensity, moving up in the direction of New York, was diverted into the Gulf of Mexico, going almost due west. As it moved, the hurricane gathered force, assailing Galveston and other near by towns at the height of its fury. Galveston was the greatest sufferer, both in human life and in property. Chenango Junction, Brookshire, Ten-broke, Morgan's Point, Smithville, and Alvin contributed to the awful death-roll. Virginia Point, Cypress, Hockley, Waller, and Hempstead suffered severe destruction of buildings.

Galveston, lying on low land, suffered from both flood and storm. The streets of that fine city became canals. People were swept out into the bay during the storm, there to die by drowning. Port Arthur escaped the water, only to be assailed by an eighty-mile wind. In its wild course the hurricane struck a Santa Fe train near Alvin, lifting the engine and cars from the track as if they were feathers and wrecking them.

Once before, as recently as September 15th, 1875, a storm assailed Galveston, submerging half the island, destroying several hundred houses and many churches, and costing scores of lives. At that time Galveston was cut off from the rest of the world for four days. The disaster of this year has been much more severe, the loss in life and property being without parallel.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests.]

EVERYBODY who deals on Wall Street is afraid that something may happen. The bulls hope that the prosperous conditions of the country will shortly move the market upward. The bears are looking to the adverse circumstances of trade and politics to pull the market downward. The result is a deadlock. When or how it will be broken it is unsafe to predict. It may last until after election, and there is disagreement whether the market even then will enjoy a substantial rise or fall. Some wise heads think the after-election ebullition will be only temporary and will be followed by another prolonged season of dullness which will last until some great event lifts or depresses the market. How far apart the bulls and the bears are can be realized from these opposing statements.

The bulls point, for instance, to ten-cent cotton, and declare that the prosperity of the South is unparalleled and unbroken. Dispatches from Birmingham, Ala., on the contrary, say that the iron and steel trade of the South has not been so dull in years, and that shipments are lighter now than they were even during panic periods. The bears protest that railroad rates are too high, and demand a reduction. This demand is certainly not a good sign for the Southern railroads, because it may be enforced. The bulls point to the continued ease of money with great satisfaction, and insist that the plethora of funds seeking investment is absorbing the great bulk of purchasable stocks and bonds, and is bound to give new strength and increased value to those that remain on the market.

The bears insist that the drain of funds to the South and the West from the money centres of the East is only a little later than usual, and that it will be very heavy before many weeks have gone by. They call attention to the efforts of other countries to replenish their gold supplies in the United States, and to the recent statement of Vice-President Albert H. Wiggen, of the National Park Bank, that that substantial institution has been approached by representatives of the Swedish government, who were trying to place a \$10,000,000 loan. Beyond question, many banks in New York have for months been making provision for the expected fall drain to the West and South, and it may be that money will not reach panic prices before election, but I do not venture that prediction. The bulls make light of labor troubles, and dwell on the agreement reached on the tin-plate wage scale with the Amalgamated Association and the probable settlement of wage differences in the Fall River cotton mills. The bears bring up the proposed strike of nearly 200,000 workers in the anthracite mines, with the possibility of an extension of that difficulty to still more alarming proportions. On top of all these statements we have such a high authority as the New York *Financial Chronicle* dwelling on the significant fact that "all departments of trade have suddenly passed out of a year of great prosperity into a condition of decided depression—from a state of general confidence to one of distrust." And the end is not yet!

"F," Cambridgeport, Mass.: I think you have chosen a strong stock.

"M.," Rocklet, N. Y.: Better hold it unless you have use for the money.

"B.," Fall River, Mass.: Rather sell Northern Pacific common.

(2) Yes.

"N.," Plainfield, N. J.: Do not regard the prospect of either for an immediate advance with favor.

"R.," Cleveland, O.: Fair. (2) No. (3) No. (4) A drop in the market is more likely to happen immediately before than immediately after election.

"J. J. M.," St. Louis: The scheme has been exposed too often, to need at all from me. Diamonds are diamonds, no matter from whom you buy them.

"D.," Wheeling, West Va.: National Tube, American Sugar, Glucose, and American Steel and Wire, in the order named. (2) Prefer Norfolk and Western. (3) Yes.

"W.," Brooklyn, N. Y.: Better wait a little while and on a break buy New York Central, Erie, Shore, Northwest, Delaware and Lackawanna, or any of the first-class dividend-payers.

"S.," Danville, Penn.: No. (2) Lead preferred ought to realize the price you paid for it. The metal market has had a decline all around. (3) Union Bag is to have competition shortly.

"Investor.," Rochester, N. Y.: The increase in the stock of the Consolidated Gas Company from \$54,500,000 to \$80,000,000 is probably justified by the extent of its enormous business. I would not sell my stock.

"C.," London, Ontario: I am afraid of the two Copper stocks you mention, but if your friend has reliable information you can follow him. You ought to do better a month later. (2) Vermilye & Co., Boston.

"A.," West Haven, Conn.: Your plan is all right, but your margin would be altogether too slender in case of a sudden or panicky drop such as the market may experience at any time under the operation of extraordinary circumstances.

"C. C. G.," Findlay, O.: The first five on your list. You have made a pretty good selection. Speculatively, I would give Union Pacific preferred the preference. The General fours are better than the Atchafalpa investment fours in every way. (3) Yes.

"C.," Springfield, Mass.: Don't have anything to do with the so-called "broker" who wants to share your profits and none of your losses. If you had read this column you would have understood the sort of game that is being played with new-comers in Wall Street.

"R.," Southampton, N. Y.: Your letter should have been addressed to "Jasper," LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue. You gave the wrong address, hence the delay in its receipt. The bank stock is the safer investment. The stock you mention is a fair speculation, but not an investment. It is believed that Southern Pacific is earning sufficient to pay dividends, but only the board of directors can decide what will be done.

"Lender.," Butte, Mont.: The recent rapid rise in a single day of three points in Pacific Mail on the report that it would profit by the shipment of troops to China shows how sensitive some stocks are to favoring influences, but they seem to be still more sensitive to depressing influences. I do not regard Pacific Mail as an investment, but it is a favorite with speculators, because when it moves it moves with rapidity, usually.

"Experienced.," Clayton, Mo.: If you did not pay your assessment your stock would be wiped out. (2) Texas and Pacific second incomes were absorbed by the Missouri Pacific. (3) First-class brokers require from \$20 upward per share as a margin, and the buyer must keep the margin good. If you buy the stock and have it put in your name you will have to transfer it and trust to the honor of your broker. It would go hard with him if he betrayed it. (4) Any first-class dividend-payer.

"W.," Riverside, R. I.: Ask all the questions you want. Always glad to answer. (2) Think you did well to take a profit. (3) Be careful how you short any of the dividend-payers, especially the Vanderbilts. (4) The greater the number that share your opinion regarding election, the more probable a Bryan score it is due now. (5) Southern Railway preferred, Southern Pacific, and Reading first preferred. Republic Steel is vastly over-capitalized. (6) No. (7) Will ascertain his exact standing.

"Saver.," Portland, Me.: This country has an enormous surplus of bituminous, and a considerable surplus of anthracite coal, available for export. Among the roads that ship this profit by the increased demand for the former are Norfolk and Western, Chesapeake and Ohio, the Pennsylvania, the Southern, and Baltimore and Ohio. Among those that would profit by an increase in the anthracite trade are the old coalers, including D. Lawrence and Hudson, Jersey Central, Pennsylvania, Reading, and Ontario and Western.

"A.," Portland, Ind.: I cannot advise any "gilt-edged" bond for permanent investment yielding as high an interest as you desire. The gilt-edged investment bonds scarcely yield four per cent. (2) The Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre 4 1/2's, and Hocking Valley 4 1/2's, but not absolutely gilt-edged. (3) The first two on your list are reasonably safe and good. (4) Any broker will get them for you. The quotations change. Glance at the bond list in any daily paper. (5) I have thought that there would be a recession in prices, and one is likely to happen if money is in sharp demand. (6) The first is all right.

"Bear.," La Crosse, Wis.: Shipments of gold from this country have been anticipated simply because we are better supplied with the precious metal and can spare it better than our great nations. The balance of trade, or rather the surplus of exports, from the United States, which has risen from about a billion dollars in 1897 to nearly a billion and a half last year, must be settled in some way. Thus far it has not been paid for by the imports of gold, but no doubt a vast amount of money stands to our credit on the books of foreign nations. This means that a financial panic at any European capital will affect us as much as it will the other great commercial nations, and every sign points to great unrest just now in the financial centres of Europe, and especially in Berlin.

"S.," Troy, N. Y.: The reason why railroad stocks of the second class, like St. Louis and San Francisco second preferred paying only two per cent. annually, are in better demand than the industrial yielding lower, but paying larger dividends, is because there is less danger from competition in the railroad world than in the field of industrial enterprises. In other words the chances are more than a hundred to one that a man will go into some industrial business rather than that he will start in to build a new railroad. Furthermore, many of the railroads in the West and South that were unprofitable in other days, because of the sparsely settled character of the country through which they passed, are constantly adding to the value of their local traffic by the growth of the population. Industrial enterprises, on the contrary, are more and more subject to acute competition from idle capital seeking profitable investment.

"Inquirer.," Buffalo, N. Y.: But two things can save the iron and steel stocks from further decline—first, a decided improvement in business, which is out of the question in a Presidential year; and, secondly, an iron-clad combination among the great interests involved which will insure the maintenance of profitable prices. The news from the iron manufacturing centres continues to be depressing, and prices continue to decline. Mills are closing, and the competition for business is acute. If the vast Carnegie interests can be united with those of American Steel and Wire, Federal Steel, and other great companies, so that competition can be reduced to a minimum, there may be a living for those who are in the business. The prices of iron and steel cannot go down to the low point preceding the recent rise until the cost of wages and material are both largely reduced, and wage-earners will fight against a reduction of their income. It is significant that the iron and steel stocks are now selling at some instances lower than they sold during the panic of last December, when steel and wire common was 32, Federal Steel nearly 40, and National Steel 31 1/2. St. Paul, Louisville, and Nashville, and a few other railroad stocks are also back to the panic prices, but most of the railroads are selling considerably higher.

JASPER.

Roman Gossip.

It is not, I trust, *l'oe majesté* to my charming hostess to talk over the menu of our dinner to night at the *Grand Hotel*. The ladies have gone, as is our custom for a chat to the drawing room, so pull up your chair and let us talk about the dinner and our charming neighbors. You liked the cooking? No doubt you did. Have not you, as all the rest of us have done, made pilgrimages to London purely and simply to dine at the Savoy Restaurant? Of course you have, and here in Rome you have all the best of the Savoy cookery, for the chef of the *Grand Hotel* has formerly ruled over the famous kitchens in London. The *blague* was as lively as a cat, and the *poulette d'Aloufer* as different from the barn-door bird cooked by the plain cook as an alderman is from a tramp. The *Escargots* too, were delightful. When you order a dinner at the *Grand Hotel* never forget that the *l'oe* with a hard shell outside and inside a melting delight of various fused flavors, are one of the specialties of the house. What did you think of it? Excellent? So I thought. The deviled wings and legs of the duck came as a contrast after the slices of the breast and their rich sauce, did they not? Your bill, as I told you it would be, is moderate, and, everything considered, it could not possibly have been better. As a matter of fact, whenever I enter the *Grand Hotel* I feel as if a patent of nobility had been bestowed on me. The waiters, each with well-mannered and silent as a fish on a lake, each wearing the hotel arms as a badge at the button-hole, the high-backed chairs, the heavy hangings to the windows, the great arches springing from the walls, and broad bases paneled with oak inlaid with olive wood, and the unmistakably distinguished appearance of the guests all combine to give the restaurant that convivial stateliness which I hold to be its principal characteristic. Sitting after ward under the palms, drinking one's coffee with the soft music of the band in one's ear, I can understand why, in most of the religious of the world, a preparatory course of purgatory is thought necessary for the proper enjoyment of Paradise.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable.]

OCCASIONALLY a reader belonging to some fraternal association seems to believe that I am prejudiced against the fraternal concerns without reason, because I have pointed out that organizations offering to give insurance on the cheap plan have all been compelled to abandon the plan, or will in due time find themselves in that condition. There is great significance in the statements made at the recent congress of fraternal insurance associations in Boston. A prominent delegate took exactly the ground that "The Hermit" has held all along when he advocated the creation of an emergency fund by every assessment association. He proposed that this should be done by collecting a larger premium than was required to carry the actual risk at the age of entry. He also favored the employment of actuaries to make proper rates, and declared that the time for guessing ought to come to an end. Another prominent delegate declared that no rate of assessment was adequate which pro-

vided only for the present and had no thought of the future. This is the argument that I have constantly used. Assessment associations seek business on the plea that they only charge sufficient to meet the death losses, and they accuse the old-line companies of collecting a needless surplus and reserve fund. Experience is proving the absolute necessity of having such a fund to provide for increased losses caused by the increased death rate of the insured from year to year, and no assessment or any other company will survive which does not make adequate provision on some such basis.

"A.," Wheeling, W. Va.: You acted wisely.

"W.," Syracuse, N. Y.: The Mutual Life of New York, by all odds.

"M.," St. Louis, Mo.: No company of a reliable character is engaged in the business you mention.

"L.," Portsmouth, Va.: The company does no business in New York State. I do not regard it with favor.

"B.," Pittsburgh, Penn.: Your policy in the Mutual Life of Newark is a good one. I do not think much of the other policy.

"Perplexed.," Cleveland, O.: Either is good, but the Provident Savings, 487 Broadway, New York, can make you a still better proposition.

"K.," San Antonio, Tex.: The association is still in business, and if a transfer to the New York Life can be made, I would make it quickly.

"Rox.," Baltimore: Much depends upon your circumstances. A fifteen-year endowment would seem to fit your case. No stamp inclosed.

"L.," Yule, N. D.: The company you mention is a good one, not as large or strong, however, as the New York Life, the Mutual Life of New York, or the Equitable.

"P.," Newark, N. J.: The offer is good, but you should see that it is stipulated and guaranteed in your policy and signed by the president. It would be wise also to get propositions from some of the other strong, old-line companies, including the Mutual Life, the Equitable, the New York Life, the Provident savings, and others of that class.

The Hermit.

A Soldier's Treasure.

With a rose in the rim of his fawn-colored hat,
And a jingle of sabre and spur,
A soldier rode by in the dawn and the dew
Ere the village was scarcely astir.
The patter and clatter of sharp little hoofs
Brought her into the window above;
Her eyes were as blue as the sky overhead,
Unclouded by sorrow or love.

In the gold of the sunrise they halted below,
Bay mare and brave rider, a space,
And her kerchief dropped out as she leaned from the sill,
A fragment of linen and lace.
He caught it in air on the point of his sword
And buttoned it under his blouse,
And cantered away, but drew rein on the hill
And turned to look back at the house.

While she dreamed of a soldier returning from war
To halt at her window again,
The mare and her rider lay dead in the dust
Where bullets were falling like rain;
And a comrade who passed in a moment of truce
Strooped over and covered his face
With a kerchief he found in the breast of his blouse,
A fragment of linen and lace. MINNA IRVING.

For Dyspepsia

TAKE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

DR. T. H. ANDREWS, late of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Penn. says: "A wonderful remedy which gave me most gratifying results in the worst forms of dyspepsia."

The Teething Period

is the trying time in baby's life. Proper feeding then is most essential. To secure uniformity of diet use Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Book, "Babies," free. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., New York.

BEGIN taking Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, today. You'll begin to be glad of it right away. It drives all pains away.

Minister's Food.

ITS VALUE DISCOVERED DURING ABSENCE OF FAMILY.

REV. J. B. LEY, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, South Tampa, Fla., had an interesting experience when his family were compelled to leave on account of the yellow fever. He says: "Last September, when we were visited by a yellow-fever scare, my family left for an indefinite stay in the interior."

"I had, for about two years, been under considerable physical and mental strain, and my nervous system seemed to utterly give way. I had some excellent physicians, but their remedial agencies failed to reach the case—at best affording only temporary relief."

"At the time the family left, my attention was called to Grape Nuts food. Several things had led me to believe that my troubles were largely due to improper nutrition. The absence of the family gave me a good opportunity to try the new food, for it is perfectly cooked and therefore required no work on my part."

"So I began to make two meals a day, supper and breakfast, on Grape-Nuts and cream or milk, and had nothing else. I confined myself to the proper allowance, not over eating. The improvement was marked, almost from the first—my digestion was better, sleep became regular and restful, and I began to gain flesh. I could soon do work with less fatigue and more satisfaction."

"My nervous system has been wonderfully improved, and to-day I weigh more than I have ever weighed, and find my strength equal to all the responsibility. This is not all; on the return of the family Grape-Nuts became a regular article of food at the morning hour. The children ate it and improved."

"My wife, who was nursing an infant, discovered that after she began using Grape-Nuts regularly, for the first time in many years nature's food supply for the baby was adequate, without resorting to artificial substitutes. Grape-Nuts food not only carried us through the sickly season, but has been a godsend to our entire family."



1. SAIL-BOATS WASHED HIGH AND DRY. 2. SHIPS WASHED UP AGAINST THE WHARVES. 3. RUINED ELEVATORS AND STRANDED STEAMSHIPS—THE STEAMER "CUMBERLAND" CAPSIZED.

THE FRIGHTFUL VIOLENCE OF THE TIDAL WAVE AT GALVESTON.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY M. L. FOSTER, OF HOUSTON, TEXAS.



NO MERCY FOR GHOULISH LOOTERS AT GALVESTON.

THE GUARDSMEN DID NOT HESITATE TO EXECUTE SUMMARY JUDGMENT OF DEATH.—DRAWN BY E. JOHNSON FROM SKETCHES MADE THE DAY AFTER THE HURRICANE AT GALVESTON.



JAPANESE TROOPS CARING FOR THEIR WOUNDED UNDER THE SHELTER OF THE WALL—A DEAD SOLDIER IN THE FOREGROUND—CAPTAIN C. F. O'KEEFE OF "LESLIE'S" STAFF, WITH HIS CAMERA ON TOP OF THE WALL.

Photographed by Our Special War Artist in China, Sydney Adamson



CARRYING WOUNDED JAPANESE SOLDIERS ALONG THE DEEP MOAT LEADING FROM TIEN-TSIN TO THE FIELD HOSPITAL.



AFTER THE BATTLE—SCENES ALONG THE ROAD LEADING FROM THE CHINESE CITY TO THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENT—AMERICAN SOLDIERS WITH "RICKSHAWS" AND MOUNTED JAPANESE IN THE BACKGROUND.—*Photographed for "Leslie's Weekly" by Captain C. F. O'Keefe, Thirty-sixth Infantry.*



THE CHINESE REGIMENT RAISED BY THE BRITISH AT WEI-HAI-WEI TO FIGHT AGAINST THE BOXERS, MARCHING THROUGH TIEN-TSIN.

Photographed for "Leslie's Weekly" by Captain C. F. O'Keefe, Thirty-sixth Infantry.



JAPANESE PACK-HORSES CARRYING ACCOUTREMENTS, AMMUNITION, AND SUPPLIES INTO CAMP AT TIEN-TSIN.

THE SANGUINARY BATTLE WITH THE BOXERS AT TIEN-TSIN.

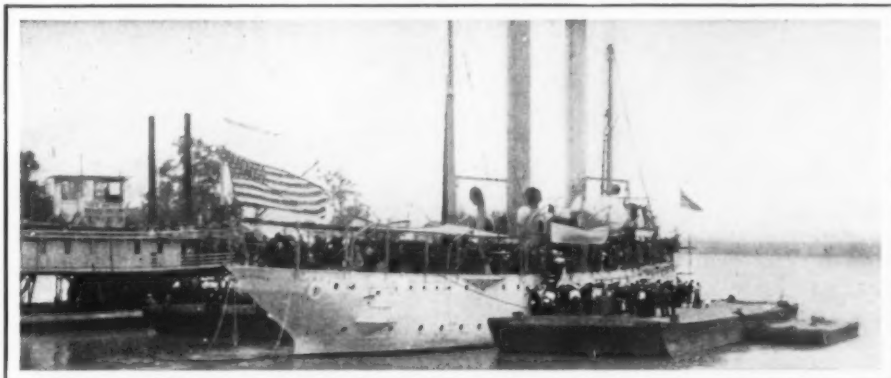
THE JAPANESE TROOPS VIE WITH THE VETERANS OF OTHER NATIONS IN LEADING THE ONSLAUGHT AGAINST THE BARBARIAN HORDES
(SEE PAGE 202.)



THE NEW BATTLE SHIP "KEARSAGE"—PHOTOGRAPHED IN BOSTON HARBOR.
Frank E. Fowler, Roxbury, Mass.



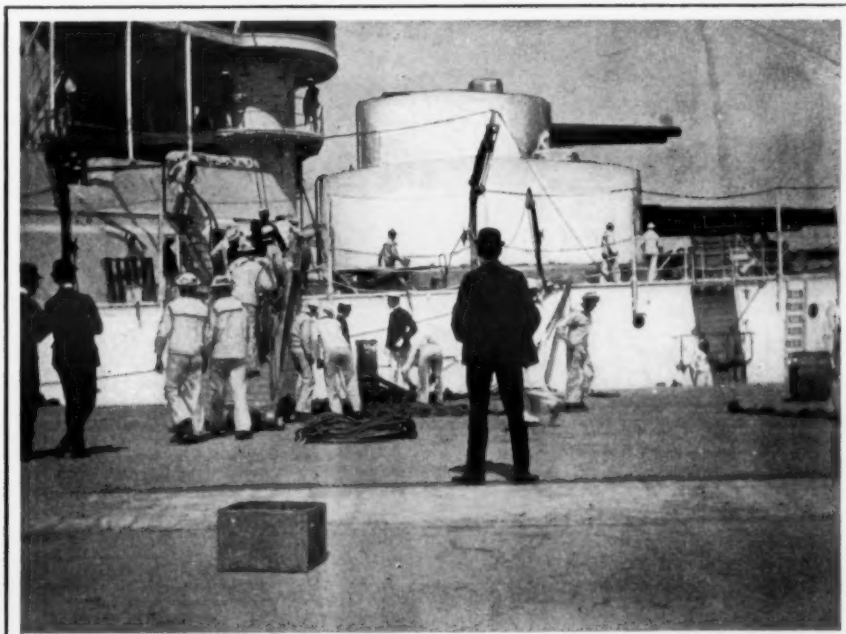
"OLD IRONSIDES," THE FRIGATE "CONSTITUTION," BUILT IN BOSTON
A CENTURY AGO.—*Joseph Wilner, Second Artillery, Havana, Cuba.*



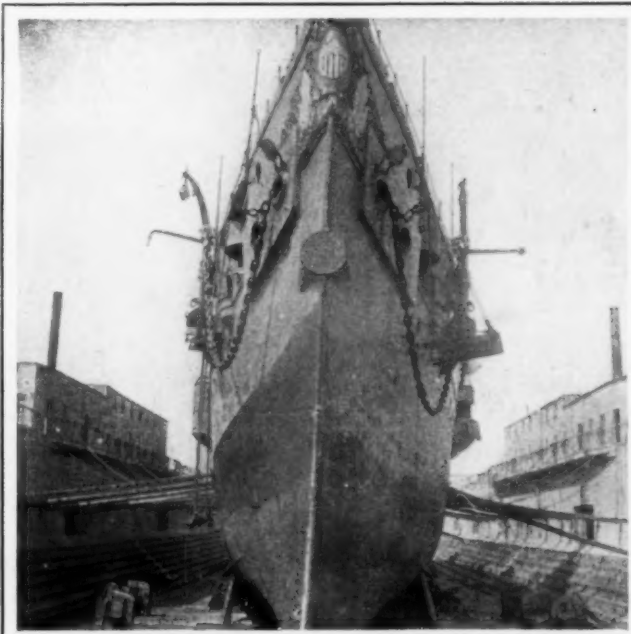
THE GUN-BOAT "NASHVILLE," WHICH FIRED THE FIRST SHOT IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN.
ON EXHIBITION AT MEMPHIS —*John Edgett, Memphis, Tenn.*



(THE PRIZE-WINNER.) THE BULLDOG OF THE NAVY, THE "OREGON," WHICH RECENTLY RAN AGROUND NEAR CHEFOO.
Edward McKenley, Oakland, Cal.



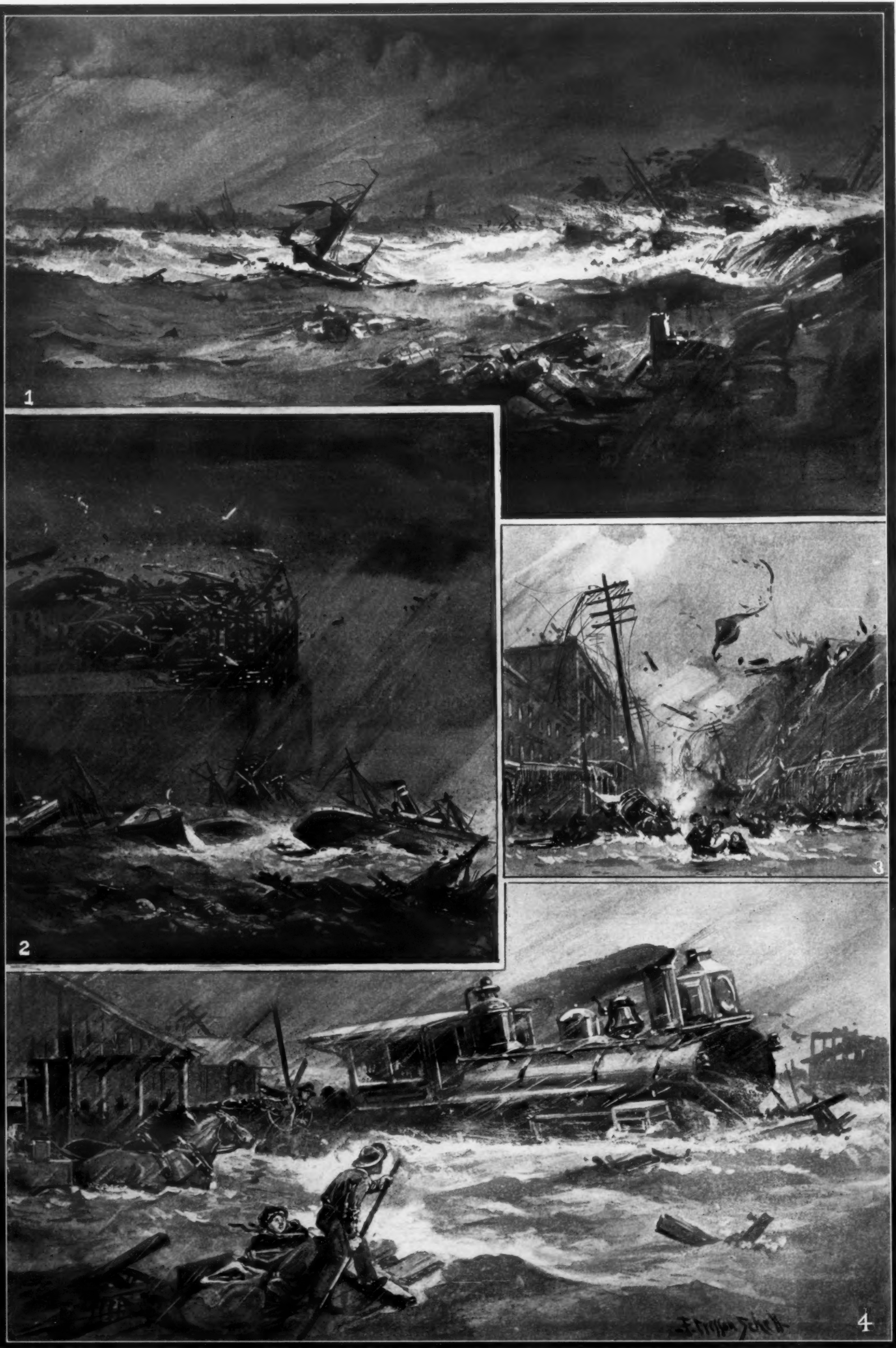
A VISIT TO THE NEW BATTLE-SHIP "KENTUCKY."
Clarence Harnstein, Roxbury, Mass.



BOW OF THE CRUISER "RALEIGH"—*K. W. Miller, Portsmouth, N. H.*

THE NAVY OFFERS OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTESTANTS THEIR OPPORTUNITY. CALIFORNIA WINS.

[SEE OFFERS OF VARIOUS SPECIAL PRIZES IN OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE.]



1. THE SPLENDID CITY OF GALVESTON IN THE WILD FURY OF THE HURRICANE. 2. WRECKS OF SHIPPING AND GRAIN ELEVATOR AT THE GALVESTON WHARF. 3. THE GALVESTON STRAND, A PRINCIPAL STREET, IN THE HEIGHT OF THE STORM. 4. GALVESTON CUT OFF FROM RAILROAD COMMUNICATION BY WIND AND WAVE.

GALVESTON AND THE TEXAS COAST SWEEPED BY AN AWFUL HURRICANE.

DRAWN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY F. CRESSON SCHELL, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTIONS.—[SEE PAGE 207.]



W. S. S. 1909

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ON THE LINKS



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So there is not one in a hundred but that will tell you that the reason of this is he starts to build, without proper consideration; his only foundation is the money he has to build with and large imaginations. About the time he has his building enclosed his imaginations vanish and his money with them.

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The **Food-mulsion** is needed by some, the **Tonic** by others, the **Expectorant** by others, the **Jelly** by others still, and all four, or any three, or two, or any one, may be used singly or in combination, according to the exigencies of the case. Full instructions with each set of four free remedies, represented in this illustration.



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Whatever your disease, **one or more** of these four remedies will be of benefit to you. According to the exigencies of your case, fully explained in the treatise given free with the free medicine, you may take **one**, or any **two**, or **three**, or **all four**, in combination.

Female troubles and the ailments of delicate children are speedily relieved. The four together form a panoply of **strength** against disease in whatever shape it may attack you.

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To obtain these four **FREE** invaluable preparations, illustrated above, all you have to do is to write mentioning **LESLIE'S WEEKLY**, in which you read this article, to **DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Laboratories, 96 and 98 Pine Street, New York**, giving your name and full address. The **free medicine** will then be sent you, in the hope that if it does you good you will recommend it to your friends.



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Sydney Adamson, the eminent artist, is at the head of our staff of artists and photographers in China, and Mr. R. van Bergen, the well-known Oriental traveler, scholar, and writer, is at the head of our staff of correspondents. They may be relied upon to give the best and most enterprising service.

To enable every one to read "Leslie's Weekly," we have fixed the price for a four months' subscription, which will probably cover the duration of the disturbance in China, at **One Dollar**. This will also cover the period of the Presidential campaign.

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TOM—"Nor any one else. I went off with an out-of-sight combination that had plenty of push and powder behind it, on a starring tour."

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beer that caused a
bilious headache.
Perhaps you think
that all beer does.

The cause of bil-
iousness is the lack
of age—too much
haste to put the beer
on the market. To
ferment beer thor-
oughly requires a
process of months.
Without it the fer-
mentation takes
place in your stom-
ach. That is the
cause of biliousness.

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healthful.

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barrels—kept almost
at freezing point un-
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